

# CAREY'S LIBRARY OF CHOICE LITERATURE.

PART I.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 17, 1835.

NO. III.

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TO MALCOLM LAING, ESQ., EDINBURGH.

"Bombay, 28th July, 1807.

"MY DEAR LAING,—I have already made two unsuccessful attempts to renew my intercourse with my old (I believe I may say my oldest) friends at Edinburgh, by two letters, at different times, to you and Gillies, both of which were, I fear, thrown into the sea to prevent their appearing in the *Moniteur*. The one was in answer to a recommendation given by Gillies to a young surgeon, and I rebuked him severely for his cautious and ceremonious style to a friend of twenty years' standing. The other was an answer to what I had then only seen in the *Reviews* of your *Ossian* and your *Mary*.

"I have just finished a careful perusal of your *Dissertation* on *Mary*, and I think myself bound to profess my shame for having ever doubted the atrocious guilt of that princess. Hume and Robertson are undoubtedly too mild. The original documents themselves cannot be read without conviction. Whoever doubts the genuineness of the long letter from Glasgow, or of Haubert's confession, must either be incorrigibly prejudiced, or altogether unaccustomed to the examination of evidence. If she were tried before me, I should certainly direct a jury to find her guilty. Her adversaries (with the exception of Murray) seem a detestable gang. Only think of the conferences at York and Westminster, in which there were at least two accusers, Lethington and Morton, who were more or less concerned in the murder; for, after all Morton's dying piety, by his own account, while his hands were reeking with Rizzio's blood, he haggles for a written warrant from Mary, he suffers at least the murderers' plot to proceed for months, undisturbed by him, to its completion, and he at last acts a principal part in the collusive acquittal of him whom he knew to be the murderer. Indeed the Scottish Court and nation were then little less barbarous, bloody, and perfidious, than Abyssinia in the time of Bruce, though the literature of Buchanan, and the beauty of the unfortunate Mary, throw a little fallacious brilliancy around them. One reflection struck me: in so small a town as Edinburgh then was, and at so little a court as that of Mary, I think it impossible that all the circumstances of a murder so long conspired, communicated to so many noblemen, and executed by so many of Bothwell's dependents, should not have very soon transpired, and been really known in the whole society, before any formal evidence of them was in existence. The contrivance of a false tale, the forgery of the letters, &c., were, in such circumstances, impossible. Haubert, the Queen's valet, was a person of some consequence. The gentlemen who were Bothwell's retainers were still more so. Their confession, if forged, would have been contradicted by witnesses enough. I speak now with some little experience of such matters. I have been three years a criminal judge, and I know what becomes of *secrets* in small societies.

"I hope Walter Scott will give us an epic on Bruce or Wallace. If I knew him enough, I should write him a letter to exhort him to undertake it.

— 'Fortis epos acer  
Ut nemo Varius ducit.'

He has genius and fire enough for the general excellencies of epic poetry, and his habits of minstrelsy will give it the colour of the age and nation. Exhort him to this for his own honour, and that of Scotland, and for—my delight.

"I was delighted with your philippic in the Assembly against the Edinburgh clergy, who have brought some reproach upon the character of their body, and of their age.\* By-the-bye, deliver my best respects to Professor Leslie, and tell him I wait most impatiently for his *Memorials* of poor Wedgwood. He and Playfair are introducing eloquence into physics, in Britain, as Buffon did in France. Dugald Stewart proves deaf to my requests of correspondence; but I hope that you will not. An annual letter of Scottish politics and literature will be a very great luxury; and I shall endeavour, according to the ancient custom of commerce between the East and West, to send you some Indian drugs in return for your sterling money.

"Threipland,\* whom you know, and who is flourishing here, as he deserves, tells me that I have to congratulate you on marriage—

'Que sera tamen respexit inertem.'

I do so most heartily. With most affectionate remembrances to Gillies, and to all of our friends who ever think of me, I ever am,

"My dear Laing,

"Most truly yours,

"J. MACKINTOSH."

JOURNAL.

"September 13th.—Soon after the above note (January 15th), I was taken ill. I now resume my notes, perhaps the only writing I shall ever write.

"I have just read Priestley's *Life of himself*. It is an honest, plain, and somewhat dry account of a well-spent life. But I never read such a narrative, however written, without feeling my mind softened and bettered, at least for a time. Priestley was a good man, though his life was too busy to leave him leisure for that refinement and ardour of moral sentiment, which have been felt by men of less blameless life. Frankness and disinterestedness in the avowal of his opinion, were his point of honour. In other respects his morality was more useful than brilliant. But the virtue of the sentimental moralist is so over precarious and ostentatious, that he can seldom be entitled to look down with contempt on the steady, though homely, morals of the household.

"[Some circumstances of resemblance to myself, struck me as I went on: The theological character of our first metaphysical studies; our Hartleianism; the singularity of having studied physiology and law; great mental power in him, and some little, perhaps, in me, wasted and scattered; and finally, our exile in countries where we cannot have a neighbour to understand us;—are odd coincidences in character and fortune: and I think it highly probable, considering all circumstances, that I may end my days like him, on the Susquehanna, or the Ohio.]

"How different from the life of Priestley was another, of which I have lately contemplated a remarkable part!—I mean the life of Mirabeau, as it is exhibited in his *Lettres à Sophie*.

"30th. [An entry mentions that Lady M.'s very severe and alarming illness had interrupted his notes.] The impression of Mirabeau's letters is become fainter, but I will copy it.

"They contain a dreadful and instructive picture of the interior of families in France, on the eve of the Revolution. The Marquis de Mirabeau was a man of easy fortune, distinguished by his talents and rank, and who always preserved a considerable place in society. In such a family, the father, mother, son, and daughter, accuse each other of crimes, which were, I suppose, not real, but which, it seems, were not considered as incredible. They lived in the open practice of great vices. They imputed to each other the most abominable enormities. The father imprisoned his wife twice, and confined his son for nearly twelve years. That son, one of the ablest men in Europe, is, with apparent injustice, condemned to death by one court, and separated from his wife, on the alleged ground of his cruelty, by another. He is carried from prison to prison. He afterwards carries a succession of adulteresses from exile to exile, where he earns a scanty bread by libellous or obscene publications. This man of brilliant genius and illustrious birth is at last, as his highest preferment, sent to Berlin as a spy. This was the school which formed him for the Revolution. The family is a sample, though I hope not a fair one, both of the ancient nobility and of the modern philosophers. The Mirabeaus were noblemen and philosophers, and the son became also a demagogue.

"His whole life had been a war with the authorities and institutions of society. He could not estimate them calmly. Even his unjust sufferings, which indeed seem to have been the most frequent, disqualified him to judge them. His hatred

\* Alluding to the affair of Professor Leslie, already alluded to.

\* Stewart Moncrief Threipland, Esq., then practising at the bar at Bombay.

of religion, or of French popery (the only religion he saw), contributed to inflame his animosity against the whole political system of his country, with which that religion was interwoven. It also concurred with fashion, to loosen, or rather destroy, that part of morality, which relates to the intercourse of the sexes, on which religious moralists lay so much stress, and which Catholic superstition had loaded with so many absurd notions and injurious practices. To speak of his anti-religious enthusiasm in the mildest terms, it had weakened the authority of all the rules of morals, which, though they doubtless had, or might have had, an independent basis, were, in fact, in our systems of education, built on a religious foundation. In an age where many new truths were discovered, he received all the prevalent moral and political speculations of his time as discoveries. The ardour of novelty, and the confidence of discovery, were blended with all his sentiments. He at last came to reform the institutions of the state, with all the rancour of revenge, with all the dogmatism of a man who believed every novelty to be a discovery, with the fanaticism which he caught from those numerous bodies who had similar passions, and with that total indifference in the choice of means, which such a fanaticism always produces, and which was, in his case, still farther cherished by the habits of a profligate life, and by a mind unsettled in all the opinions which border most closely on moral principles. Vengeance, ambition, philosophical enthusiasm, stimulated his mind. Confident hope of incalculable public benefit, seemed to sanctify every means, however apparently criminal. He appears to have recognized no moral rule, and revered no moral principle. The only moral sentiment which he retained, was a general desire of public liberty and happiness, which he, no doubt, still thought would be promoted by the Revolution. He regarded with no horror—if he did not promote—the murder of the counter-revolutionists; but even from them he did not scruple to receive bribes, the means of supporting that furious debauchery, of which he died the victim.

"The letters of this extraordinary man are all full of the highest flights of virtuous sentiment, amidst the grossest obscenities, and the constant violation of the most sacred duties. Yet these declarations of sentiment were not insincere. They were only useless, and perhaps pernicious, as they concealed from him that depravity which he could scarcely otherwise have endured.

"A fair recital of his conduct must always have the air of invective. Yet his mind had, originally, grand capabilities. It had many irregular sketches of high virtue; and he must have had many moments of the noblest moral enthusiasm.

"The Letters, and the 'Mémoires de Bezenval,' are, I think, the most valuable documents relating to that moral condition of France, out of which the Revolution arose.

"October 24th.—Completed the forty-second year of a life of projects and inactivity.

"Embarked on board the 'Devonshire,' on a voyage down the coast, for the re-establishment of C——'s health.

"Heard the news of peace between Russia and France,\* which must mean, that Russia preserves her snows, and leaves the civilized world to France.

"25th.—N. lat. 18°—off Bancoote. C—— considerably better. The operation of the sea on health is unexplained, and, consequently, cannot be regulated or rationally directed; but it is evident, and very powerful. It is a noble field of observation for a scientific physician.

"—Read 100 pages of Fichte's Lectures on the characteristic features of the present age,—a very ingenious book, with most striking parts. He divides the history of the human race into five periods.

"1. Period of blind, but spontaneous obedience to the rational instincts.

"2. Period of compulsory obedience to the dictates of these instincts, enforced by political authority.

"3. Period of effort to shake off this yoke, with a tendency and desire to live deliberately, according to the dictates of reason; which, however, are not yet understood.

"4. Period of science, when the principles of reason and the rule of rational life are understood, and men constantly seek to obey them.

"5. Period when the art and habit of rational life is completely obtained, or consummation of human perfection.

"The third, the age of intellectual, moral, and political anarchy, is that in which we now live.

"The last part of what I read contains eloquent invectives, and even strong argument, against the selfish system; but it

is so exaggerated by moral fanaticism, and disguised by mysticism, that a translation into the language and tone of English philosophy would be a new work. The author is no mean man. How strange that he should be as unknown in England as Avicenna!

"26th and 27th.—Employed in writing Observations on the finances of the Island of Salsette, for Mr. Duncan.\*

"Read the first four acts of Massinger's 'Virgin Martyr,' and Gifford's very agreeably written 'Introduction.' The merits of the poet are certainly great; though, as usual, rather exaggerated by the editor. The style is most elegant; and, as has often been observed, modern to a miracle. There is great moral grandeur in the conception of the principal character, but no probability, no decorum, a grossness so rank as to be perfectly disgusting.

"Late in the evening of the 27th, we cast anchor off Goa.

"28th.—The entrance of Goa harbour is formed by Agoada, an elevated rocky promontory to the north, and Cabo, a similar point, of less elevation, to the south. The only passage for large ships is commanded by the guns of two forts at Agoada. On the point of Cabo is a Dominican monastery, which is a fine subject.

"29th.—This day was employed in our excursions from the cantonment at Cabo to the City of Goa, which the English call, not very improperly in one respect, Old Goa, though no newer city of that name has succeeded.

"We set off in two boats about eight o'clock. The narrow arm of the sea, called a river, which forms the island by Goa, soon began to show great beauties. On the left are the church and monastery of Reyes, where the Viceroy passes some days in fasting and prayer, before they proceed to take possession of their government. Beyond this church, a variegated country of rich plains and well-wooded eminences, crowned with churches and monasteries (among which the ruins of a Jesuits' College were distinguished by superior grandeur), stretched to the Ghauts; which, at the distance of twenty or thirty miles, formed a lofty and rugged boundary of the view. On the right, every reach of the river presented a new prospect. The principal features were the not unhand-some houses of the Portuguese fidalgos, or gentlemen, gathered into three or four villages on the edge of the water. Some of them were not unlike French country houses, of the better sort; and Colonel Adams† agreed with me, that if we were to exclude the mountainous back-ground, we might have fancied ourselves rowing along the Scheldt, from the appearance of the houses and the richness of the plain immediately adjoining to us on the right.

"This scenery continued till, on turning the reach of the river, on a retiring amphitheatre, the buildings called the City of Old Goa, opened with a very palatial appearance. The unhealthiness of the situation has caused it to be deserted by the Portuguese proprietors and officers, who are scattered over the villages, as I have mentioned above; and the decay, or rather annihilation, of trade and opulence is so entire, that it has lost the power of attracting natives, and this seat of government has not even a black town—the sure attendant of the smallest British factory. As we looked on a ruined parish church, the Major informed me that the parish appeared, from old registers, to have once contained seventeen thousand inhabitants, though it does not now contain seventeen. Goa has no private houses; it consists of the palace, the senate-house (for so a shabby town-hall is called), a court of justice, the office of inquisition, the cathedral, two or three more churches, the archiepiscopal palace, and six or eight monasteries of Dominicans, Franciscans, and Augustinians, and one large nunnery. None of these buildings are without merit, and some of them are elegant. The approach is very fine, and the general appearance reminds one of the High-street at Oxford, without the houses. It literally agrees with the description of Goldsmith—

'Towns unmanned, and lords without a slave.'

"The church, dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, has nothing observable as a building; but it contains two works of art, the most perfect that ever visited India, and which would, I suppose, be admired even at Florence or Rome—the tomb of St. Francis Xavier, and his head; the last ascribed to Guido, which I should humbly think from its excellence it might justly be, though I dare not venture to

\* These he communicated to that gentleman, who availed himself of them in his plans for the improvement of that island.

† The late Major-General Adams.



give an opinion on such a subject. 'The tomb seems a most rich and beautiful piece of sculpture. I say *seems*, because it is here so buried in a narrow chapel, that it is impossible to have a view of the whole, and barely possible to grope one's way over its parts.

"Francis Xavier was a very extraordinary man. Persuasive and commanding eloquence, an ascendant over the minds of men, unconquerable patience in suffering, intrepid courage amidst the most dreadful dangers, and a life devoted with inflexible constancy to a purely disinterested purpose, form a combination which varies its exterior and its direction according to the opinions and manners of various ages and nations. In one age it produces a Xavier; in another, a Howard. It may sometimes take a direction, which we may think pernicious, and a form not agreeable to our moral taste; but the qualities themselves are always admirable, and by the philosophical observer, whose eye penetrates through the disguise of a local and temporary fashion, and recognizes the principles on which depends the superiority of one mind over another, they will always be revered. The truth of many opinions for which Xavier contended, it is not very easy to maintain; but he taught to slaves the moral dignity of their nature; he preached humility to tyrants, and benevolence to savages. He must have told the outcast Hindu, that in the grandest point of view he was the equal of his Rajah, and the ferocious Malay, that his enemy was his brother. He therefore diffused the fruits of the best philosophy, and laboured to improve and ennoble nature. I am sorry to find miraculous tales related of him; but I hope they are only proofs of the profound reverence which his virtues left behind them, and that he did not sully his great character by any pretensions which might approach to imposture.

"We visited the convent, which contains fifty-eight nuns and three hundred black female servants. One nun is eighty-four, and has inhabited this convent for sixty-eight years. They had all the same appearance—pale, diseased, vulgar, and stupid. They sold some purses at the grate to our ladies, and no pedlar could be more eager to receive the price than the Lady Abbess. This would be a horrible prison for any woman accustomed to cheerful and social life. A French, or even English woman could scarcely commit a crime for which it would not be a sufficient punishment; but to the Portuguese ladies of Goa it can have few terrors. To renounce the world is, in them, no great act of self-denial; they have little to sacrifice to their superstition; no education is even professed to be given to them; their manners are utterly unrefined. Few of them had quitted their bed-chambers, except to go to mass, till the English officers introduced some sort of society. The Confessor of this convent, a native of Oporto, spoke tolerable French, and had the manners of a man of sense, who had lived in society.

"At four we went to the cathedral, where 'Te Deum' was performed before the Viceroy, for the safe delivery of the Princess of Brazil. I was called into the choir, and had the honour of sitting next the first Inquisitor, a tall monk, of a coarse and savage countenance, who looked as if he would not object to the effectual revival of the functions of his office, which even here have almost dwindled down to formality, or are only exerted once in two or three years, by inflicting a fortnight's imprisonment on a young Portuguese, who may publicly insult the established worship.

"I was a good deal entertained and fatigued by these various operations, in one of the most sultry days I have felt in India. We re-embarked about five o'clock for Cabo, and, as the evening advanced, were much pleased with the illumination of almost all the houses, forts, and churches, which had afforded us another sort of pleasure in the morning.

"30th.—At ten this morning returned to the Devonshire, to proceed on our voyage to Tellicherry, where, after some severe squalls, and some threatenings of a serious breeze, we arrived on the evening of the 4th of November.

"November 5th.—In our voyage from Goa hither, C—— began Payne Knight's book. I think I cleared up the confusion in his preface, and successfully explained Mr. Burke's meaning on the subject of Terror, which Payne Knight certainly misunderstands."

On the next day Sir James left his hospitable host's abode, on a journey to Madras. Having paid an interesting visit to that Presidency, he returned to Tellicherry, and from thence he again embarked for Bombay, where he arrived on Christmas-eve, after an absence of three months.

"I accordingly left Lady M.," he writes, alluding to this rapid excursion across the Peninsula, "and went in my palan-

keen through the awfully grand forests and mountains of Malabar and Coorg (which, if they were within reach of picturesque travellers, would be classed with Switzerland,) to Mysore, near Seringapatam. Emboldened by my success, I ventured, after some days' repose, to run down to Madras. I passed six days there, and seven going and returning at Mysore, and was back again at the ship exactly a month after I had left the coast of Malabar, having travelled over about a thousand miles. The exterior of Madras is very striking. I doubt whether there be any town in Europe, north of the Alps, which can boast such a *diffusion* of architectural elegance. There are probably no three kingdoms which differ more in every respect, than the three provinces of Malabar, Mysore, and the Carnatic over which I ran. Malabar is one of the most beautiful countries in the world, inhabited by fierce and high-spirited mountaineers. Mysore is a high and naked region, peopled by a martial, but industrious, race of husbandmen. The Carnatic is a boundless plain of sand, covered with the monuments of ancient cultivation and civilization, and still successfully cultivated by polished and ingenious slaves. All this variety of objects, natural and moral, amused me much; and I cannot say whether, even at Paris, I crowded more life into a month, than I did during this excursion."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Marriage and notice of Mr. Rich—Letters to Mr. Hall—To Mr. Hoppner—To Dr. Sayers—To Professor Ogilvie—Journal—Letters to Professor Smyth—To Mr. Rich—To Mrs. John Taylor.

THE new year opened joyfully with the celebration (Jan. 22nd) of the marriage of his eldest daughter, which he soon after thus announces to a friend:—"You may recollect, perhaps, to have read in the newspapers in 1803, that Mr. Parry, the present chairman, gave a writship here to a young man of the name of Rich, merely on Mr. Wilkins's report of his extraordinary proficiency in Eastern languages, without interest, and, I believe, without even personal knowledge. He came out as assistant to young Lock, who was appointed Consul at Alexandria, and since his death has travelled over the greater part of Turkish Asia in various directions, with the eye and pencil of an artist, and with the address and courage of a traveller among barbarians. He acquired such a mastery over the languages and manners of the East, that he personated a Georgian Turk for several weeks at Damascus, amidst several thousand pilgrims, on their road to Mecca, completely unsuspected by the most vigilant and fiercest Musselman bigotry. He was recommended to me by my friend, Robert Hall, and I had several letters from him. I invited him to my house, and at his arrival in this island, on the 1st of September, 1807, he came to us.

"He far surpassed our expectations, and we soon considered his wonderful Oriental attainments as the least part of his merit. I found him a fair classical scholar, and capable of speaking and writing French and Italian like the best educated native. With the strongest recommendations of appearance and manner, he joined every elegant accomplishment, and every manly exercise; and combined with them, spirit, pleasantry and feeling. His talents and attainments delighted me so much, that I resolved to make him a philosopher; I even thought him worthy of being introduced into the temple of Wisdom, by our friend, Dugald Stewart; and when I went to Malabar, I left him at the house of my philosophical friend Erskine, busily engaged with the 'Philosophy of the Human Mind.' On my return, I found that this pupil in philosophy was desirous to become my son-in-law. He has no fortune, nor had he then even an appointment; but you will not doubt that I willingly consented to his marriage with my eldest daughter, in whom he had the sagacity to discover, and the virtue to value, the plain sense, modesty, and good nature, which will, I hope, make her a source of happiness to him during life.

"Soon after, the most urgent necessities of the public called for a Resident at Bagdad. He alone was universally acknowledged to be qualified for the station. He was appointed: having thus twice, before he was twenty-four, commanded promotion by mere merit. They were married and are gone to Bagdad."

The establishment of this connexion recalled probably to

Sir James's thoughts the far-distant and suffering friend, to whose introduction he had been originally indebted for the acquaintance of his new son-in-law. A letter to Mr. Hall is the first of a small selection that follows from the "thirty-six letters to Europe," which we find him in his *Journal*, confessing to have written in less than a month.

TO THE REV. ROBERT HALL.

"Bombay, 18th February, 1808.

"MY DEAR HALL,—It is now some time since I received yours of the 20th of July, 1806, from Leicester, and I assure you that I do not think myself in the least entitled to that praise of disinterestedness which you bestow on me, for wishing to correspond with you. The strength of your genius would, in all common circumstances, have made you a most desirable correspondent; and the circumstances which now limit your mental excursions, give to your correspondence attractions of a very peculiar nature. Both the subject and the tone of our letters are probably almost unexampled. I have trusted enough to speak of what perhaps no friend ever dared to touch before; and you justify my confidence, by contemplating, with calm superiority, that from which the firmest men have recoiled. That the mind of a good man may approach independence of external things, is a truth which no one ever doubted, who was worthy to understand; but you perhaps afford the first example of the moral nature looking on the understanding itself as something that is only the first of its instruments. I cannot think of this without a secret elevation of soul, not unattended, I hope, with improvement. You are, perhaps, the first who has reached this superiority. With so fine an understanding, you have the humility to consider its disturbance as a blessing, as far as it improves your moral system. The same principles, however, lead you to keep every instrument of duty and usefulness in repair; and the same habits of feeling will afford you the best chance of doing so.

"We are all accustomed to contemplate with pleasure the suspension of the ordinary operations of the understanding in sleep, and to be even amused by its nightly wanderings from its course in dreams. From the commanding eminence which you have gained, you will gradually familiarize your mind, to consider its other aberrations as only more rare than sleep or dreams; and in process of time they will cease to appear to you much more horrible. You will thus be delivered from that constant dread, which so often brings on the very evil dreaded; and which, as it clouds the whole of human life, is itself a greater calamity than any temporary disease. Some dread of this sort darkened the days of Johnson; and the fears of Rousseau seem to have constantly realized themselves. But whoever has brought himself to consider a disease of the brain as differing only in degree from a disease of the lungs, has robbed it of that mysterious horror, which forms its chief malignity. If he were to do this by undervaluing intellect, he would indeed gain only a low quiet at the expense of mental dignity. But you do it by feeling the superiority of a moral nature over intellect itself. All your unhappiness has arisen from your love and pursuit of excellence. Disappointed in the pursuit of union with real or supposed excellence of a limited sort, you sought refuge in the contemplation of the Supreme Excellence. But, by the conflict of both, your mind was torn in pieces; and even your most powerful understanding was unable to resist the force of your still more powerful moral feelings.

"The remedy is prescribed by the plainest maxims of duty. You must act: inactive contemplation is a dangerous condition for minds of profound moral sensibility. We are not to dream away our lives in the contemplation of distant or imaginary perfection. We are to act in an imperfect and corrupt world; and we must only contemplate perfection enough to ennoble our natures, but not to make us dissatisfied and disgusted with these faint approaches to that perfection, which it would be the nature of a brute or a demon to despise. It is for this reason that I exhort you to literary activity. It is not as the road of ambition, but of duty, and as the means of usefulness, and the resource against disease. It is an exercise necessary to your own health, and by which you directly serve others. If I were to advise any new study, it would be that of anatomy, physiology, and medicine; as, besides their useful occupation, they would naturally lead to that cool view of all diseases, which disarms them of their blackest terrors. Though I should advise these studies and that of chemistry, I am so far from counselling an entire divorce from your ancient contemplations, that I venture to recommend to you the spiritual Letters of Fenelon. I even entreat you to read and re-read them.

"I shall also take the liberty of earnestly recommending to you to consult Dr. Beddoes\* in the most unreserved manner on every part of your case, and to be implicitly guided by his counsels in every part of your ordinary conduct. I have more confidence in him than in all the other physicians in England; and I am not ignorant on the subject of medicine. Total abstinence from fermented liquor is obviously necessary; and I should think it best to relinquish coffee and tea, which liquors I think you sometimes drank to excess.

"May you, my dear friend, who have so much of the genius of Tasso and Cowper, in future escape their misfortunes—the calamities incident to tender sensibility, to grand enthusiasm, to sublime genius, and to intense exertion of intellect.

"Rich, whom you recommended to me, is become my son-in-law; and he is indeed a son-in-law to whom the fondest parent may gladly entrust his child.

"As far as the confusion of the world allows me to form plans, my residence here must still be for three or four years. I have often thought that it would be more unreasonable in appearance than in reality, if you were to come and live with us. We live in great retirement; and when we are forced to see company, our house is so large as to afford you abundant asylum from their intrusion. You would improve us, and we might help cheerfulness to steal upon you.

"I have done what I can to support and countenance the missionaries: but they are in an enemy's country, and their visible means of success are certainly not great. I have read, with the greatest admiration, the 'Essays' of Mr. Foster, whom, perhaps, you know. He is one of the most profound and eloquent writers that England has produced. Why do you not give me an object for greater admiration in a work of yours?

"Write to me soon. Mention your most safe and permanent address. What is the name of your sister?

"Yours ever,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

TO JOHN HOPPNER, ESQ.

"Bombay, February 19, 1808.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am really ashamed to see unanswered on my table such a letter as yours, dated so long ago as the 15th January, 1806. If I had waited in hopes of being able to repay you in kind, I must never have answered you.

"I find from Mr. Shee's poem,† which, among other merits, pays you a deserved compliment, that there are people dull enough to excuse the public discouragement of English art, upon the principles of the liberty of trade. Now I humbly think that those who will be dull, are bound at least to be accurate. The government of every country expends part of the public revenue on luxury and show. The government is the greatest proprietor and the greatest consumer in the country. When they employ a considerable part of this ornamental expense in building, or in purchasing statues and pictures, they encourage the fine arts as proprietors do, when they have the good taste to spend part of their income in the same manner. The word patronage is a mere fallacy. It is as customers that they encourage the arts; and the question is, whether any art, liberal or mechanical, will flourish most when the man, or body, of the largest income in a country, does, or does not consume or purchase so much of the produce of that art? This, surely, is no question at all. Still, however, the argument is not complete. When government disappears from the market as a purchaser, the arts suffer much more than the mere amount of money or honour withdrawn; for no other customer will employ the arts in undertakings, which so much improve or ennoble them. Indeed other customers rather naturally employ them in such a way, as leads to their degradation and corruption. Private individuals tempt the painter to portrait, the sculptor to the monuments of insignificant persons, the architect to mere accommodation and comfort. The subjects which the government presents to the artist, whether political or religious, are public, and therefore fitted to excite genius, both by their own grandeur, and by the widely diffused fame which attends success. They are generally guided by some sort of public taste, which is a safer guide than the caprices of wealthy individuals, of which the artist is in other cases the slave. Architecture, for instance, can hardly exist as a grand art, as long as it is limited to mere private utility. Temples and palaces are the forms in which architectural genius is embodied.

\* The late Thomas Beddoes, M. D. of Bristol.

† "Rhymes on Art."



"The best condition, therefore, for the arts, is where the state, the most useful customer, is rich and profuse in expending its income on works of art; and where few individuals are wealthy enough to be rival customers. It was thus in Ancient Greece and Modern Italy. In the first, patriotism and religion—in the second, religion alone, took the arts into their service, and rescued them from the bondage of individual caprice. Both these causes—the want of elegant expenditure in the government, and the enormous wealth of so many private persons—are obstacles which English genius has to encounter. That the non-patronage of government is useful, or even harmless to the fine arts, is much as if it were to be said, that an agreement not to wear woollens, entered into by all men of fortune, would be useful or even harmless to the manufacturer of broad cloth. The quantity painted, or weaved, must be less, and the quality must be coarser, to adapt it to the demand of inferior customers.

"Why did you not send me your tales? The only recompense you can make me for this slight is by writing more, which I shall certainly procure whether you send them or no.

"Lady M. joins me in the hope that, bad as the times and prospects are, we shall yet give you a *petit souper* in London.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Most truly yours,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

TO DR. F. SAYERS, NORWICH.

"Bombay, 26th February, 1808.

"MY DEAR SAYERS,—I really know not whether you now deserve a letter. You still loiter in the close after Windham has left it. Remember the fate of those fat Tories who remained in Sodom after Lot had gone forth. I know that you may perhaps express some doubt both of the obesity and torism of these victims. On that subject, however, I refer you to *Rabbi Williamki ben Taylorki's* very curious annotations on the Chaldee Targum. The translation itself affords internal evidence of their condition. If they had not been so fat they would not have been too lazy to make their escape; and if they had not been Tories, they would not have submitted to the punishment, with such passive obedience and non-resistance.

"When I was at Madras in November, I begged a copy of your 'Miscellanies,' &c. from Charles Marsh,\* who is flourishing there. I read it in my palanquin, as I was carried along, on the morning of the 30th November, from Conjeeveram to Arcot; where neither Edgar Atheling nor Edmund Mortimer ever dreamt that their history would be read. I was much pleased with the two Essays on the history of English Poetry, and Architecture. It had before struck me that our metaphysical poets were a colony from the school of Marini. Johnson knew nothing of this, because he was little more than an English reader.

"Your sketch of the Progress of Architecture, well deserves to be enlarged into a complete history. This cannot be well done by one who confines his views to England alone. The same changes in the mode of building occurred in the other European countries, and they seem even to have occurred (in some cases certainly) more early in Italy, if not in France, than in England. I must therefore object to the terms Saxon, Norman, and still more, English Architecture, which convey the idea of modes of building peculiar to our island, and not, as the truth was, common to all Christendom. If it would be absurd to call the Cathedrals of Strasburg and Milan specimens of Norman, and still more, of English architecture, it must be equally true, though not equally obvious, that these epithets ought not to be applied to King's Chapel, or Henry the Seventh's Chapel. Enlarge your Sketch then into a handsome volume, with the plates strictly necessary for illustration; and at every period, compare the style of English building with the contemporary fashion of the continent. This may be collected from prints to be seen in all great libraries, without the fatigue and risk of a tour through the Corsican empire. You must not neglect Payne Knight's most ingenious observations, in his unequal, though extraordinary, book.

"Lady M. thanks you for Fairfax,† which we both agree is the best, and perhaps the only good poetical translation in English, perfectly idiomatic and harmonious, and yet faithful to the sense and manner of the original. Notwithstanding the bad times, she still hopes to have a laugh with you; and

if you are an incorrigible Gomorrah patriot, we shall even venture into the close for that gratification.

"Farewell, my dear Sayers. Believe me ever,

"Yours truly,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

An old Aberdeen friend, Mr. Ogilvie, Professor of Humanity at King's College, had, in a letter already alluded to, touched upon topics, which every arrival of news from Europe tended to invest with deeper interest.

He with a generous ardour, then offers to communicate to Sir James some observations on property in land, which he imagines may probably be applicable to India, and tend to improve the condition of the natives of that country.

TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ. ABERDEEN.

"Bombay, Feb. 24, 1808.

"MY DEAR SIR,—That I have not sooner answered your letter, by Mr. Rose, in the beginning of 1805, has not been owing to any insensibility to the value of that mark of your remembrance. On the contrary I assure you, that after repeated perusals, that letter has not yet lost its power of producing strong emotions in my mind, such as are naturally excited by the generous spirit which it breathes, and by that union of elegance with energy, which so much distinguishes it. At the distance of twenty-five years, I recognize your unabated fervour and vigour: I call to mind the energy, which first roused and directed my own infant powers, and I feel myself most warmly disposed

'To bless the place, where on the opening soul  
First the sacred ardour stole.'

"With these feelings, you may do me the justice to believe, that I should have gratified myself by rendering service to the nephew of Dr. Reid, whose philosophy, like you, I do not embrace, but whose character and talents every cultivator of science must venerate. \* \* \*

"I should rejoice to see your speculations on landed property; for though, on former occasions, I suspected you of being more influenced by confidence in regulations than experience will allow, yet I was always delighted, not only by the benevolence of your purpose, but by the singular ingenuity of your means. I can promise you no more than that you will give me pleasure, that you will exercise and improve my understanding, and that I will freely tell you what I think on the subject. Practical effect here you must not hope. The constitution of the Anglo-Indian government is founded in opposition to the most demonstrated principles of political science; and its measures are in perfect unison with its original principles. Within these two years a *gabelle* has been established in Malabar and Canara, as a fund to pay the salaries of the provincial judges. How can you object to a government taking a monopoly of the only luxury of the poor, when you consider that the government is founded on a monopoly? It is vain to refine on the distribution of the produce of the soil between the labourer and the legal owner, in a country where the latter class does not really exist, and where a ravenous government begins by seizing at least one-half of it in the most vexatious mode. This government is too needy to listen to any proposal for mitigating the fate of their subjects; all that they can get is not enough for them. We have a bankrupt sovereign, and a people beggared by imposition. Yet so highly is this country favoured by nature, that the mere destruction of the monopoly would speedily remedy the greater part of these evils.\* The Act for vesting the trade and territory in an exclusive company, ought to have been entitled 'An Act for preventing the Progress of Industry in India, in order to hinder the influx of Wealth into Great Britain.' \* \* \*

"If you write to me again, I promise not to be long in answering your letter; for I can most sincerely subscribe myself,

"Your grateful pupil,

"And affectionate friend,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

JOURNAL.

"March 6th.—My letters are despatched, and I have just finished the first volume of the Life of Solomon Maimon, by himself, in German. He was a Lithuanian Jew, who passed

\* Charles Marsh, Esq. who had formerly travelled the Norfolk circuit—then a practising Barrister at Madras.

† Dr. S. had presented her a copy of Fairfax's Tasso.

\* The initiatory proceedings connected with the passing of this great measure, he lived to witness and assist at.

the first twenty-five years of his life in the most abject poverty, as a Rabbi, in and near his native town. The manners and conditions of the Polish Jews are quite new to me. I never before caught a glimpse of that modification of human nature. The character of his Lord, Prince Radzivil, is an excellent portrait of a Sarmatian grandee. He escaped to Königsberg, for the mere sake of having some opportunities of increasing his knowledge; and from thence went to Berlin, where the zealots suspected his curiosity of some heretical taint, and turned him adrift. A scene of the lowest misery follows, from which he is rescued by a benevolent Rabbi at Posen; and after being two years in luxury, as tutor in a wealthy Jewish family of that place, he goes to Berlin. There ends the first volume. The second I am sorry I have not. It is a most entertaining piece of self-biography. The author became a German metaphysician of some eminence, for which many will think his Talmud and Cabala were a proper preparatory study.

"8th.—Too tired for any serious study.—Lay down to read election scurrility in 'The Pilot'—but find the second volume of Maimon, and gladly change my lounging companion.—Read seventy pages, which contain an analysis of the 'More Nevochim,' which is most curious, but would be more satisfactory, if there were not some suspicious appearances of the analyzer having modernized his author.\*

"9th.—Rode seven miles before breakfast, drove twenty during the day, and sat six hours in court.

"10th.—Took my revenge for the activity of yesterday by a glorious lounge.—In the evening began Smollett's Continuation [of Hume] to the children.—Revived my old ambition of writing the History of England since the revolution.—A life of projects!

"11th.—Finished Maimon. He seems to have been the first, in times to be called modern, who attempted to rationalize a positive religion. He was produced by the infidelity of his masters, the Musselman Peripatetics—Averroes, &c. Maimon's own adventures show the interior of German Judaism more clearly than ever I saw the condition of the Jews in any European country. They are still an Asiatic people. The Rabbinical caste govern them with Braminical despotism. They want nothing but power to have 'acts of faith' of their own. Maimon attacked Kantianism on the principles of Mr. Hume, and was acknowledged by Kant to have understood him well, to be a profound thinker and a formidable opponent.

"Rode in Mahim woods in the morning. Finished the third volume of Eichorn.† It is a reproach to English literature, that bigotry has hindered this work from being translated.

"12th.—Began Dr. Brown 'on Cause and Effect.'—Read ninety-four pages of Brown's work, which, in my humble opinion, entitles him to a place very, very near the first among the living metaphysicians of Great Britain.

"13th.—Read Brown before breakfast.—Found the true answer to Mr. Hume's 'Essay on Miracles,' which I had discovered twenty years ago.—Agreed with the author, till he comes to dispute about the nature of the belief and expectation, that similar causes will produce similar effects. From that place I dissent, and must examine strictly. Too languid for this operation.—Looked over some of Heyne's latest speeches at Gottingen.

"14th.—Thermometer 96°; unexampled at this season.—Read to the children in the State Trials that of Lord Russell,—affected by the simplicity and modesty of his blameless character,—not afraid of death, but dreading the least suspicion of inhumanity or falsehood.

"24th.—Reading very miscellaneous for these last ten days. 'Dallaway's Architecture,' a better collection than I expected. One hint new to me, and I think likely to be true, of the different character of the Gothic architecture in the different countries of Europe.

"The correspondence of Leibnitz with Thomas Burnett, (query, who was he?† for he was not the famous master of the Charterhouse,) and his Collectanea Etymologica. Leibnitz had the grandest glimpses of any man since Lord Bacon. His mind was Verulamian in extent of view, but not in imagination. He seems to have been the first philosophical etymologist, and to have first rightly estimated the importance of the Teutonic nations and languages. That he called them Celtic was a mistake which can appear important only to Mr. Pinkerton.

"April 1st.—Southey's Specimens of the later English Poems.—Preface and Preliminary Notices very lively. They contain a pretty complete code of anti-Johnsonian criticism. The style is a good imitation of Lord Orford. It is singular that a poet who lives so little in this world should have chosen the style of a witty worldling.

"The selection is founded on two principles rather unfavourable to the age from which it is made. 1. That all the best known (i. e. all the best) poems could be excluded. 2. That bad poems characterize the taste of an age as well as good, perhaps better, and are therefore as well entitled to a place. Under the guidance of these two maxims, a selection from the most poetical age must be bad. They are eminently unjust to a highly polished period, of which the merit generally consists in the high perfection of a few poems excluded by the first maxim, and which is always most fertile in bad and middling poems, chosen by Mr. S. as characteristic of its taste.

"The comparison of a polished with an unpolished age, in the number of bad poems, is very unfair. It leaves out the following essential considerations.

"I. The whole number of poems published in a polished age being greater, it is only the proportion of bad poems which ought to enter into the account.

"II. There are many poems written, but not published, in rude ages; in a refined period, the demand and the facility of publication cause a much larger proportion of the poems written to be published.

"III. There being many more readers in a lettered age, among whom are many incompetent judges, there will be a demand, and even a temporary reputation for bad poems, till it is checked by the decision of the *judging few*, which always ultimately prevails.

"IV. There is another cause of the temporary reputation of bad poems [in a lettered age]. A book is sooner known, and consequently sooner ceases to be a novelty. The public appetite longs for something newer, though it should be worse.

"2nd.—From 'Tiedeman's History of Philosophy' I cannot find that Roscelin, the supposed founder of the Nominalists, left any writings, or that Abelard, a supposed Nominalist, left any traces of his Nominalism in those writings of his which are preserved. William of Ockham seems, therefore the first authentic Nominalist.

"28th.—I have lately read the very able review of Cobbett in the Edinburgh,\* and I am now amused with 'The Annual,' especially the *Taylorian* parts of it.

"The new maritime orders† which we have received are a very singular experiment to try a new system of trade, which can only be an universal armed smuggling.

"May 23.—Read since last entry, 'Eloge de Malesherbes par Gaillard.'—Fine passage of Juvenal.—Similarity to Sir Thomas More.

"—Wilberforce on the 'Abolition.'

"—Almost as much enchanted by Mr. Wilberforce's book as by his conduct. He is the very model of a reformer. Ardent without turbulence, mild without timidity or coldness, neither yielding to difficulties, nor disturbed or exasperated by them; patient and meek, yet intrepid; persisting for twenty years through good report and evil report; just and charitable even to his most malignant enemies; unwearied in every experiment to disarm the prejudices of his more rational and disinterested opponents, and supporting the zeal without dangerously exciting the passions of his adherents.]

"—Bentham on Judicial Reform in Scotland.† Profound, —original, —useless! unintelligible to common readers, and attacks all their prejudices. —Plymley's pamphlets full of sense and wit. Reviews and magazines.

"—Vitam perdidit operose nihil agendo, were the dying words of the great and good Grotius!!! What will be mine!

"Read all the periodical publications of the missionaries, and, by doing so, at once formed a clearer idea of the sect, than I could have done during my whole life in England, where I never should have heard of the men or their books.

"June 10th.—Finished Lord Woodhouselee's 'Life of Lord Kaimes.' The life is more important than that of Beattie, but the character is less interesting. There is a singular contrast between the biographer and his hero. The latter was a metaphysician without literature; the former is a man of letters without philosophy, and hostile to it. He never considers that, by asserting the impossibility of reaching truth in metaphysics, he in effect maintains it to be unattainable in any

\* Moses Maimonides, a celebrated Jewish rabbi of the twelfth century.

† Probably the "Introduction to the New Testament."

‡ Mr. Burnett of Kemney, a Scotch gentleman.

\* Vol. X. p. 386.

† The celebrated Orders in Council of November and December, 1807, retaliatory on the Berlin Decree in forcing the trade of neutrals through the ports of this country.



part of knowledge, and patronizes universal scepticism. The collection of letters must interest, especially those of Dr. Hume and Dr. Franklin; Mrs. Montagu's are lively and ingenious, but not natural; Lord W.'s Dissertation on Penal Law is a confusion of the motive and reason of punishment. How is it possible that any man should now vindicate the trials in the time of Charles II.?

In the list of modern Latin poets, a subject with which Lord W. is well acquainted, I was surprised to find Buchanan placed so high, who was neither pure nor poetical, and no mention of Fracastorius, who is eminently both. I wondered also, at finding Vincent Bourne, and still more Markham; while there is nothing said of Lowth or of Jortin; and, what to me is most wonderful, of Gray himself.

"'Corinne,' first volume.—I have not yet received the original; and I can no longer refrain even from a translation.

"It is, as has been said, a tour in Italy, mixed with a novel. The tour is full of picture and feeling, and of observations on national character, so refined, that scarcely any one else could have made them, and not very many will comprehend or feel them. What an admirable French character is D'Erfeuil! so free from exaggeration, that the French critics say the author, notwithstanding her prejudices, has made him better than her favourite Oswald. Nothing could more strongly prove the fidelity of her picture, and the lowness of their moral standard. She paints Ancona, and, above all, Rome, in the liveliest colours. She alone seems to feel that she *inhabited* the eternal city. It must be owned that there is some repetition, or at least monotony, in her reflections on the monuments of antiquity. The sentiment inspired by one is so like that produced by another, that she ought to have contented herself with fewer strokes, and to have given specimens rather than an enumeration. The attempt to vary them must display more ingenuity than genius. It leads to a littleness of manner, destructive of gravity and tenderness.

"In the character of Corinne, Madame de Staël draws an imaginary self—what she is, what she had the power of being, and what she can easily imagine that she might have become. Purity, which her sentiments and principles teach her to love; talents and accomplishments, which her energetic genius might easily have acquired; uncommon scenes and incidents fitted for her extraordinary mind; and even beauty, which her fancy contemplates so constantly, that she can scarcely suppose it to be foreign to herself, and which in the enthusiasm of invention, she bestows on this adorned as well as improved self,—these seem to be the materials out of which she has formed Corinne, and the mode in which she has reconciled it to her knowledge of her own character.

"13th.—Second and third volumes of 'Corinne.' I swallow Corinne slowly, that I may taste every drop. I prolong my enjoyment, and really dread the termination. Other travellers had told us of the absence of public amusements at Rome, and of the want of conversation among an indolent nobility; but, before Madame de Staël, no one has considered this as the profound tranquillity and death-like silence, which the feelings require in a place, where we go to meditate on the great events of which it was once the scene, in a magnificent museum of the monuments of ancient times.

"How she ennobles the most common scenes!—a sermon on the quarter-deck of a ship of war!

"She admires the English, among whom she could not endure to live; and sighs for the society of Paris, whom she despises!

"15th.—Fourth and fifth volumes of 'Corinne.' Farewell Corinne! powerful and extraordinary book; full of faults so obvious, as not to be worth enumerating; but of which a single sentence has excited more feeling, and exercised more reason, than the most faultless models of elegance.

"To animadvert on the defects of the story is lost labour. It is a slight vehicle of idea and sentiment. The whole object of an incident is obtained, when it serves as a pretext for a reflection or an impassioned word. Yet even here, there are scenes which show what she could have done, if she had been at leisure from thought. The prayer of the two sisters at their father's tomb, the opposition of their characters, is capable of great interest, if it had been well laboured. The grand defect is the want of repose—too much and too ingenious reflection—too uniform an ardour of feeling. The understanding is fatigued; the heart ceases to feel.

"The minute philosophy of passion and character has so much been the object of my pursuit, that I love it even in excess. But I must own that it has one material inconvenience. The observations founded upon it may be true in some instances, without being generally so. Of the small and numerous springs which are the subject of observation, some

may be most powerful at one time, others at another. There is constantly a disposition to generalize, which is always in danger of being wrong. It may be safe to assert, that a subtle ramification of feeling is natural; but it is always unsafe to deny that an equally subtle ramification of the same feeling, in an opposite direction, may not be equally natural.

"There are, sometimes, as much truth and exactness in Madame de Staël's descriptions, as in those of most cold observers. Her picture of stagnation, mediocrity and dulness; of torpor, animated only by envy; of mental superiority, dreaded and hated without even being comprehended; and of intellect, gradually extinguished by the azotic atmosphere of stupidity, is so true! The unjust estimate of England which this Northumbrian picture might have occasioned, how admirably is it corrected by the observation of Oswald, and even of poor Corinne, on their second journeys! and how, by a few reflections in the last journey to Italy, does this singular woman reduce to the level of truth the exaggerated praise bestowed by her first enthusiasm on the Italians!

"How general is the tendency of these times towards religious sentiment! Madame de Staël may not, perhaps, ever be able calmly to believe the dogmas of any sect. She seems prepared, by turns, to adopt the feelings of all sects. Twenty years ago the state of opinion seemed to indicate an almost total destruction of religion in Europe. Ten years ago the state of political events appeared to show a more advanced stage in the progress towards such a destruction. The reaction has begun everywhere. A mystical philosophy prevails in Germany; a poetical religion is patronized by men of genius in France. It is adopted in some measure by Madame de Staël, who finds it even by the help of her reason in the nature of man, if she cannot so deeply perceive it in the nature of things. In England, no traces of this tendency are discoverable among the men of letters; perhaps because they never went so near the opposite extreme; perhaps, also, because they have not suffered the same misfortunes.

"Another phenomenon, however, is remarkable among us,—the diffusion of the religious spirit among the people, and its prevalence among men of rank and opulence, though not hitherto among men of letters. A party which has hitherto not only neglected, but rather despised or dreaded knowledge, has been compelled, by the literary spirit of the age, to call in literature to their aid; their new followers of a higher class require elegance. 'Foster's Essays,' and the 'Eclectic Review,' are very successful exertions to supply this demand. They certainly employ a very dangerous auxiliary; but perhaps the tendency of a disturbed age may long be too powerful to be withstood, either by the cheerful calm, or by the impatient curiosity which are naturally produced by literature, and which are equally adverse to enthusiasm.

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"No. XXI. of the Edinburgh Review is very rich. The article on Political Economy and that on Sir J. Sinclair, are capital; that on Wordsworth very unjust and anti-poetical.

"[I have just got, by a most lucky chance, Wordsworth's new Poems. I owe them some most delightful hours of abstraction from the petty vexations of the little world where I live, and the horrible dangers of the great world to which my feelings are attached. I applied to him his own verses:—

'Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—  
The Poets.'

"The Sonnets on Switzerland and on Milton are sublime. Some of the others are in a style of severe simplicity, sometimes bordering on the hardness and dryness of some of Milton's Sonnets. Perhaps it might please him to know, that his poetry has given these feelings to one at so vast a distance: it is not worth adding, to one who formerly had foolish prejudices against him.]

"17th.—Lately read the two first volumes of Pascal—looked into the third, and glanced over the fourth and fifth. I shall say nothing of his transcendent genius or his gloomy enthusiasm. They are known to every one. Bayle calls him, 'l'un des plus sublimes esprits du monde.' His philosophical glances are wonderful. The summary of arguments for scepticism and dogmatism, especially the latter, is perhaps the best in ancient or modern philosophy. The last contains, in a single page, the whole system of Dr. Reid; and it is but little to add that it contains, in the first sentence,\* the whole book

\* "L'unique fort des Dogmatistes c'est, qu'en parlant de bonne foi, on ne peut douter des principes naturels."

of Dr. Beattie. But as my mind has been much turned of late to the theory of religious sentiments, I have chiefly considered Pascal in that point of view.

"Jansenism is a sort of Catholic Calvinism. It affords a new instance of the more pure and severe moralists naturally adopting a doctrine of self-debasement, and, in Pascal's language, of self-hatred, and of their referring every action, enjoyment, and hope, exclusively to the all-perfect Being. The Calvinistic people of Scotland, of Switzerland, of Holland, and of New England, have been more moral than the same classes among other nations. Those who preached faith, or in other words, a pure mind, have always produced more popular virtue than those who preached good works, or the mere regulation of outward acts.

"18th.—Read one hundred pages of Schmidt's 'Moral Philosophy.' Glanced over Lord Orford's Letters for the twentieth time. It is very difficult to lay them down."

Of the letters (the despatch of which is mentioned shortly above), two here follow. The first is admissible, if only as evidencing that active sympathy, with which he ever contemplated the advancement of the fortune of a friend; especially when, as in the present case, it was coincident with that of the cause of learning and philosophy. The appointment of a new professor to the chair of modern history in the University of Cambridge, which occasioned it, has been already alluded to. The second was addressed, at a moment of great personal as well as political interest, to one who was then laying the foundations of a reputation, which has since reflected so much honour upon the English name amongst the nations of the East.

TO WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ., CAMBRIDGE.

"Bombay, July 7th, 1808.

"MY DEAR SIR,—As you say that the composition of your lectures will occupy two or three years from last June, there is yet, perhaps, time to speak of your plan; and, to prove my sincerity, I shall hastily offer you a few hints.

"By modern history, I understand that portion of universal which relates to the European nations, from the taking of Constantinople to the French Revolution. As there are no natural lines of demarcation between ancient and modern times, the commencement must always, in some measure, be arbitrary. I choose the taking of Constantinople, because it was the destruction of the last state that had been a member of the ancient world. The Greek empire had been a contemporary of states which were contemporaries of the Athenian Republic. After its destruction, all was new.

"By universal history, I do not mean a collection of the histories of separate nations, though the uncritical compilers of our Universal History have used the words in that absurd manner. In this sense, there can be no universal history. The histories of France and England continue as separate as they were before, though they be printed in the same series of volumes. The universal history of modern Europe I conceive to be an account of such events as remarkably altered the position of European nations towards each other, or materially affected the whole of them, when considered as one society. All occurrences of local and temporary importance are excluded; all events, merely extraordinary or interesting, which leave no permanent effects, can only be mentioned as they illustrate the spirit of the times. Nothing becomes the subject of universal history, but those events which alter the relations of the members of the European community, or its general condition, in wealth, civilization, and knowledge. The details of national history no more belong to this subject than the particularities of English biography to the history of England.

"But though modern history opens with the taking of Constantinople, it will be naturally asked who the two belligerent parties on that occasion were; and as every work ought to be complete in itself, the lectures ought to answer that question, by giving an introductory view of the Mussulman power in the East, and the Teutonic nations in the West, whose character and struggles form the history of the Middle Age. Mahomet and Charlemagne (under whom the Germanic nations were civilized enough to form an extensive monarchy) are the principal figures of this period. Mahomet by adopting three grand errors of Asiatic legislation,—the imprisonment of women, the incorporation of law into religion, and the religious and legal regulation of the detail of life,—rendered Arabian literature a mere ornament, and general improvement impossible. The people of the West were, in the ninth century, more barbarous, but they were more free; they had less knowledge, but they were at liberty to advance. As soon as their dialects had time to ripen into languages, we every-

where discover symptoms of a general movement of the human mind, which has never since been interrupted. About the same time, the cultivation of the Roman law—the beginning of vernacular poetry in Sicily, in Provence, in Swabia, in Normandy, and in Scotland—the foundation of school philosophy, so grand an article in the history of the human understanding; not long after—the age of Petrarch and Chaucer—the discovery of the compass and gunpowder.

"These two last discoveries naturally lead me to the division of that which is properly your subject, being, I think, closely connected with the first part of it.

"Modern history is divided into certain periods, each of which has a philosophical unity, from similarity of character, and from the uniformity of the causes at work, and the effects produced. It has also a sort of poetical unity, because it may be considered as the accomplishment of one great design, in which there is generally one hero distinguished above the other personages. These periods appear to be as follow:—

"I. From the taking of Constantinople to the reformation; connected with the two great discoveries above-mentioned. It is the age of great invention and progress;—gunpowder, the compass, printing, the opening of the whole surface of our planet by Columbus and De Gama—the discovery of discoveries, the parent of all future discoveries, and the guardian of all past—the discovery that every man might think for himself—the emancipation of the human understanding, under the appearance of a controversy about justification by faith, by Martin Luther.

"II. From the reformation to the peace of Westphalia—the age of religious wars. The object is the legal establishment of liberty of conscience, and the security of nations against the yoke of Austria. The hero is Gustavus Adolphus.

"III. From the peace of Westphalia to the peace of Utrecht. The character of the age is, that the understanding begins to turn its activity from theology to philosophy, in which great discoveries are made. Taste and literature are cultivated. The object is to guard Europe against the power of France. The hero is King William.

"IV. From the treaty of Utrecht to the French Revolution; age of balanced power, national security, diffused knowledge, liberal principles, and mild manners; golden age of the civilized world. Taste, literature, and, comparatively speaking, even philosophy, are widely spread. This diffused civilization tends to spread over the globe. Hence the colonial and commercial system; hence the appearance of Russia on the European theatre; and in a scientific age, a small power in the boldest and most thinking part of Germany, by mere science, becomes, for a time, a great military state. Philosophy is naturally applied to new subjects,—to history, to government, to commerce, to the subsistence and wealth of nations; the crisis of the colonial and commercial system, is seen in the two apparently opposite results of the independence of America and the conquest of India. At last, as prosperous commerce produces over-trading, to be corrected only by the ruin of individuals, so the advancement and diffusion of knowledge produced a fatal confidence in the extent of our political skill, and in the advances of the multitude in civilization; hence the dreadful experiment of the French Revolution.

"Yours, most truly,

"J. MACKINTOSH."

We have seen with what anxiety Sir James looked for intelligence at the hands of his friends in England. The residence of his son-in-law and daughter at Bagdad—a seclusion, compared with which Bombay enjoyed the resources of a great capital—afforded to him in turn the opportunity of communicating to those, whose necessities, (like Sir Philip Sidney's soldier) were greater than his own, whatever of amusement and instruction had reached him in his tidings from home. In return, it was through Bagdad that news of what was passing on the continent of Europe, particularly at the seats of the war, reached him; accompanied, as it was sure to be, by a *précis* of past events and present speculations, executed in a vein of political talent worthy of western diplomacy.

In much of Sir James's portion of this correspondence transpires the desire always pervading his mind, to lead the ductile contemplations of youth, not only to "visions of the fair and good," but to vigorous attempts at embodying them in active usefulness. In this last particular, his exhortations were, in the present instance, the more pointed and frequent; conscious as he was, that the uncommon mental endowments and brilliant acquirements of his young friend had not escaped from the companionship of a certain fastidious volatility of purpose; in which he, perhaps, recognized a reflection of a state of mind too familiar to his own memory. A letter, which he wrote to



Bagdad shortly after the departure of Mr. Rich to the seat of his Residency, will probably be allowed to be of a pleasing character. A few extracts from others follow it—dated for the first time from his new residence, situated at a nearer and a more convenient distance from the town of Bombay.

"Parell, 8th March, 1808.

"MY DEAR NEARCHUS,\*—I hope that you have completed your navigation from the Sinthos to the Tigris, and reached Babylon in safety, but without meeting with Alexander; though it be very difficult to go any where without meeting the influence of his power or the terror of his arms. To speak plain English, we heard of the safe arrival of your squadron† at Muscat, on the 19th ult., and of the theatricals of the 'Albion,' in a letter from Seton to Newnham; and your laziness left us to conjecture, from his silence about you, that you had not been devoured by any of the sea-monsters that haunt the Erythrean sea.

"About this time we suppose you to have passed through the English flotilla on the Pasitigris, and to have reached the British camp, where, even in these days of discomfiture and disgrace, 'Field-Marshal' Manesty still maintains the ancient renown of Cressy and Agincourt.‡ If you are not (as I fear you are) more a cosmopolite than a patriot, you scarcely could tear yourself from a place so full of the glory of your country. But with your lukewarm patriotism I suppose you, in a week more, to embark in the Nebuchadnezzar, and about the beginning of April, to seat M— on the throne of Semiramis. We have been, and shall be travelling with you through all the stages of your progress; and I assure you that you never had either a more constant attendant or a kinder companion than my fancy.

"Our tranquillity, after our first deliverance from your raptolism, required some patience to endure. We all, including F—, wished often for the '*freschi jabber*;'§ and though, while you were here,

"We wished you full ten times a day at old Nick—  
Yet, missing your mirth and agreeable vein,  
As often we wished to have Rich back again."

Even 'Serena'|| is agitated when she speaks of 'M—s Bungalow,' and F— remembers it for 'many a dish of fun.' Our regret at a permanent separation would be so sincere, that we have seen too much of you;—if we are not to see much more. I know not where your fancy now chooses her asylum from Buonaparte—whether you 'brood o'er Egypt with your watery wings,' and are still attracted by the sonorous name of Abumandor, or whether you turn your mind to the throne of Belus and Chosroes. Wherever you are, in reality or in idea, be assured that you will have friends among the fugitives of the upper Missouri.¶

"As I was writing to you, part of whose profession it is to make good *Précis*, I have abridged the news. You of course will not abridge so much, nor will you interperse so many reflections; though I, considering my general habit, have been remarkably sparing of them.

"And now, my dear Rich, allow me, with the liberty of warm affection, earnestly to exhort you to exert every power of your mind in the duties of your station. There is something in the seriousness, both of business and of science, of which your vivacity is impatient. The brilliant variety of your attainments and accomplishments do, I fear, flatter you into the conceit, that you may indulge your genius, and pass your life in amusement; while you smile at those who think, and at those who act. But this would be weak and ignoble. The success of your past studies ought to show you how much

you may yet do, instead of soothing you with the reflection, how much you have done.

"Think nothing gained, he cries, till nought remain,"

ought to be your motto.

"Habits of seriousness of thought and action are necessary to the duties, to the importance, and to the dignity of human life. What is amiable gaiety at twenty-four, might run the risk, if it was unaccompanied by other things, of being thought frivolous and puerile at forty-four. I am so near forty-four, that I can give you pretty exact news of that dull country; which, though it be almost as bad as 'Yankee land,'\* yet ought to interest you, as you are travelling towards it, and must pass through it.

"I very much wish you to adhere, as much as circumstances will allow, to the order of study which I sketched in the paper I gave you soon after your arrival at Parell. I hope you will profit by my errors. I was once ambitious to have made you a much improved edition of myself. If you had stayed here, I should have laboured to do so in spite of your impatience; as it is, I heartily pray that you may make yourself something much better. You have excellent materials; and, with all your love of the fine arts, you will, I am sure, acknowledge, that the noblest of them all is the art of forming a vigorous, healthy, and beautiful mind. It is a work of unwearied care; which must be constantly retouched through every part of life. But the toil becomes every day more pleasant, and the success more sure. I have much too good an opinion of you, and too warm a solicitude for your happiness, to make any apology for moralising. I do not think I ever can write to you without a little preaching. '*Il est permis d'ennuyer en morale d'ici jusqu'à Constantinople*.' You never will be so perfect, as I know you might be; and as I, therefore, shall always be, in some measure, dissatisfied at your not being.

"Write to me very often, and very long letters.

"Farewell, my dear Rich,

"Blessing and love to poor M—,  
"J. M."

"*Tarala* (a Sanscrit compound, denoting Palm Green.)  
"Sunday, 11th September, 1808.

"MY DEAR RICH,—I meant on the present occasion to have written you a long and elaborate letter; but, as Johnson would say, 'What are the purposes of man?' I have been disappointed by those Sunday visitors, who are accustomed to disturb even the distant tranquillity of Parell.

"I long to hear some particulars of your progress in business and in study.

Notwithstanding the investigation in the neighbourhood of Hilla by Pietro della Valle, Niebuhr and Beauchamp, much remains to be done respecting the antiquities of Babylon. Major Rennell (Geography of Herodotus, p. 388) says, that 'the position and extent of the city walls might probably be ascertained even at this day, as both the rampart and the ditch must have left visible traces. The delineation and description of the site and remains, would prove one of the most curious pieces of antiquity that has been exhibited in modern times.† This is an object worthy of your curiosity and talents. Your talent for drawing will be of important service. A place called Makloube, or *topsy-turvy*, according to Beauchamp, about a league north of Hilla, contains the greatest mass of ruins. There earthen vessels, engraved marbles, and even a statue as large as life, have been found. What invaluable antiquities there would be if you could find any such! Makloube or Babel, Broussa, and Kaides, or Al Kadder, are said, by Beauchamp, to have remarkable ruins. The last is in the desert; and travellers appear to have been hitherto deterred from going to it. The western side of the Euphrates, containing so large a part of the ancient city, and, among other remarkable edifices, the palace appears to have been little, if at all, explored. Pietro della Valle and Beauchamp have chiefly examined the eastern, and particularly the great mass of ruins, supposed to be the tower of Belus.

"Do not forget the Epic poem of the Arabs. It is far more important that you should give an account of it to the public,

\* The name of Alexander's General, who preceded him in the same voyage.

† A seventy-four and two frigates, under the command of Captain Ferrier, had been ordered by the Bombay government to cruise between Bombay and Muscat, in search of some French men-of-war, reported to have been seen in that direction.

‡ Mr. Manesty was the East India Company's Resident at Bussora. He was an amiable but eccentric man, and had persuaded himself that Buonaparte was on his march overland to attack India by the way of Arabia, and that Bussora was to be his Pultowa.

§ Mr. Rich frequently, in conversation, made use of the Italian expression "*siamo freschi*," from whence he got the nickname of "*Freschi-Jabber*," among Sir James's younger children.

|| A mild and gentle child, whom he thus distinguished.

¶ Where was his own fancied retreat from Buonaparte, at that time just beginning his career as a general destroyer of "*Châteaux en Espagne*," (Saragossa, &c.)

\* Alluding to his correspondent's dislike to America.

† The two '*Memoirs on Babylon*,' subsequently published by Mr. Rich, which so fully accomplished this object, are well known to all interested in the study of Eastern antiquities.

than that a copy should slumber on the shelves of the East India Company's library. Do not neglect the Chaldees and the Coudish language.

"I suppose that M— has mentioned all the Bombay news; and that she has given you a description of Tarala, especially of the library, which it is very little exaggeration to call magnificent. It is so delightful a room that it requires all the repulsive powers of India to drive me from it. My books must not be again so lodged. I do not know how they will feel when they are degraded, as I fear they must be in two years, to a dark back parlour in London. Erskine still ministers in the temple of tranquillity.

"I wrote to M— lately. I have now only to send my love and blessing to you both."

"28th Sept.

"I rejoice that M— takes exercise, and that she despises foolish prejudice enough to court health even by bestriding a donkey in a Turkish dress. I earnestly expect her to continue the exercise of the mind and body, and thus to preserve the health and increase the strength of both. We are delighted at the account you both give of your life. It is so reasonable, that it deserves to be happy, as I heartily hope it will long continue to be.

"We are very agreeably settled in our new house, and Lady M. has hitherto almost entirely escaped her autumnal enemy.\* I have great hopes she will weather the season. In about six weeks I shall probably take an excursion to Hyderabad, and perhaps to Calcutta, if I find it possible to return within a tolerable time.

"I send Vauvenargues. Pray read him frequently, and master him thoroughly. Some of his remarks, both on life and literature, are most admirable. Whatever part of the world may be my residence, nothing shall ever be wanting on my part, which can contribute to your solid comfort or temporary amusement.

"Before I quit the despatches let me tell you, that 'meet your approbation' is a slang phrase, not fit for public despatches or letters; and that 'sincerely hope,' though a common, is an incorrect expression. Sincerity belongs to the expression of feelings, not to the feelings themselves. A man may declare or promise sincerely, but he cannot sincerely love or hate, hope or fear. In these cases, he may be sincere in his *professions* of love or hatred, of hope or fear; but the *feelings* themselves have nothing to do with sincerity or insincerity.

"20th March, 1809.

"I send you the 'Dizionario Istoric,' twenty-eight volumes; which, besides being a convenient book of reference, will be Italian prose, to help keep M— in exercise. The box will likewise contain 'Corinne,' which I hope will charm you.

"I have such hopes of conversing with you, in nine or ten months, about your literary projects, that I shall not think it necessary to say anything of them at present. Both I and General Malcolm think your paper on Turkish diplomacy excellent."

The following letter, addressed to an old and valued friend, will be the last with which the reader's attention will be tried.

TO MRS. JOHN TAYLOR, NORWICH.

"Bombay, Oct. 10th, 1808.

"The arts which produce beauty cannot exist, as you observe most justly, without the dignity of moral sentiment. War, the physical sciences, and the mechanical arts, seem likely to be left. This will be rather a homely state of society. No sentiment of a powerful and grand sort seems to gain ground but devotion. You will see in the wonderful 'Corinne,' how the reaction drives Frenchmen of letters to a poetical religion; and Mr. Taylor† will tell you, that in Germany there are many symptoms of a mystical philosophy. Our men of letters in England show no marks of becoming devout, but the devout are becoming lettered. In 'Foster's Essays' and the 'Eclectic Review,' you see the devout, who now number among them more refined and instructed members, are calling in the dangerous aid of literature. Foster

and Hall are unquestionably men of genius.—But whither am I rambling! I see Europe faintly at this vast distance, and I presume to sketch a miniature of its mental tendencies to so near and so sagacious an observer.

"Both Lady M. and myself sympathize entirely with Mrs. Opie.\* She (I mean Lady M.) has at length taught me to feel what I lose in separation from affection and intellect, and she is generous enough to consider me in the same light. Assure Mrs. Opie of our sympathy. Her grief will be deprived of its bitterness by her mild and cheerful nature; and she will find the most powerful resource in her charming talents; but I do not expect that she should ever cease to think with tenderness of such a mind, as that to which she was associated.

"If I had been a little more acquainted with Mrs. Barbauld, I should have written to her.†

"Mental disease is perhaps the subject on which topics of consolation are the most difficult to be managed. Yet I have been engaged since my arrival here in a very singular, and not altogether unsuccessful, correspondence with poor Hall, formerly of Cambridge, on the subject of his own insanity. With Mrs. B.'s firmer and calmer philosophy, I should think it easy to teach the imagination habitually to consider the evil only as a bodily disease, of which the mental disturbance is a mere symptom. That this habit deprives insanity of its mysterious horrors, is obvious enough from the instance of febrile delirium, which fills us with no more horror than any other morbid appearance, because we steadily and constantly consider it as an effect. The horrible character of the disease seems much to depend on its being considered as arising from some secret and mysterious change in the mind, which, by a sort of noble superstition, is exalted above vulgar corporeal organs. Whoever firmly regards it as the result of physical causes, will spare themselves much of this horror, and acquire the means of being useful to the sufferer. My advice may be useless, but I should wish my sympathy known to Mrs. Barbauld. It is the privilege of such excellent writers to command the sympathy of the distant and unborn. It is a delightful part of their fame: and no writer is more entitled to it than Mrs. Barbauld.

"I told you in my last, of my eldest daughter's agreeable marriage. She is overflowing with happiness in her solitude at Bagdad, and scarcely envious Zobeide in the first fervour of Haroun al Raschid's passion.

"I congratulate you, not formally but heartily, on your eldest daughter's marriage; and I beg you will offer my congratulations to Dr. R. and to her.

"I have left myself not a moment or a line for European or Indian politics. Of the last I shall only say, that in the connexion of England with India, the good appears to me much more easily separable from the evil, than is usual in human affairs. The good arises from the superior morality of the European race in its lowest degeneracy; the evil from an accused commercial and political monopoly.

"Write to me often, my dear friend. Receive Lady M.'s best and kindest wishes for your welfare, that of Mr. Taylor, and your whole family; as well as those of

"Yours most faithfully,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

## CHAPTER IX.

Tour in the Deccan—Poonah—Punderpoor—Beejapoor—Golconda—Hyderabad—Court of the Nizam—Death of Meer Allum—Beeder—Wyraag—Tent robbed—Patius—General observations.

THE reader will not, perhaps, be sorry to quit, for a short period, the desk and the study, to accompany our traveller on one of those excursions on the neighbouring continent, which commonly occupied the cold seasons. Others of these having been but slightly touched upon, it may not be improper to devote the present chapter to a pretty copious selection from a diary of a journey, which he made towards the conclusion of the year 1808 into the Deccan. His design, on this occasion, was to visit his friend, Captain Sydenham, at Hyderabad, and, in going or returning, to examine the remains of the capitals of the old kingdoms of the Deccan. He accordingly proceeded from Poonah to Beejapoor, the capital of the Adil-Shahi

\* This alludes to the death of Mr. Opie, 9th of April, 1807.

† Probably on the unfortunate aberration of intellect under which her husband was then suffering.

\* Intermittent fever.

† William Taylor, Esq.



dynasty, and thence went on to Calberga, the old capital of the Bahminiah kings. He visited Golconda, the seat of the Kutub-Shahi princes, and on his return passed through Beeder, the second capital of the Bahminiahs. This carried him considerably out of the beaten track, by a route then, at least, little frequented.

In this journey, his attention was chiefly turned to the structure of Indian society, the quality of the population, and of the castes into which it was divided; the hereditary and other officers of districts and villages; the degree of protection afforded by the government, and the tenure of landed property. The speculations of Colonel Wilks had directed his attention to these important topics, and he was desirous of discovering how far the observations made in the south of India were applicable to the present state of the Deccan. This led him into minute inquiries at every village where he rested, concerning the number of persons of each caste; their religion or sect; the number and rights of village officers; the rent of land, as well as the supposed right in the soil. "In this excursion he thought," as he afterwards expressed himself, "that he had gained more of the sort of Indian knowledge of which he was in pursuit, than he could have done in five years' reading; and the result was a firm conviction, that the first blessing to be wished to the inhabitants of India was, that a civilized conqueror might rescue them from their native oppressors, and that they would find better masters in the worst Europeans, than in the best of their own countrymen." Most of these minute inquiries, new and valuable as they were at the time, it has been judged proper to retrench, many of them having been superseded by later and more correct investigations, though the general conclusions have been, as far as possible, preserved.

"November 8th.—Left Bombay at half-past ten in the evening. About eleven fell asleep—once or twice awakened, notwithstanding my flannels, by smartness of the cold. A little before five I am informed that we are in the harbour of Panwell. In about an hour, Colonel Close's palankeen came to the shore. I was carried into village, and after a few compliments from Mulna Hussein\*, proceeded at half-past six on my way to Chowk, a stage of twelve miles, which we took four hours to get through.

"Panwell is a wooded village, well situated on a small bay, distinguished by the handsome dome of a mosque. The road winds along a valley from one to three miles wide, formed by two lines of woody and rocky hills of castellated shapes, advancing from the Ghauts to the sea. The valley is beautifully varied by wood and cornfields. As I did not sleep sound last night, and had passed this way twice before, neither my body nor my mind were very much awake to the scenery.

"10th.—Compowlee to Carlee, sixteen miles.

"—Left Compowlee at five—almost immediately began to climb the Ghauts, which soon became so steep as to make me quit my palankeen.

"—Read the first hundred pages of the Abridgment of Search, by Hazlitt. The introduction is able, but it has too much of a pamphleteering and factious air; it has nothing of the tranquillity of science. The author abuses the Lockian philosophy, which was that of his author, and the Hartleian, from which I am sorry to say that Search has borrowed without acknowledgment. He is guilty of the folly of depreciating the excellencies which his author had not. There is no need of undervaluing systematic and precise writers, because Search was neither. He had other excellences of the highest order. It is not observed, that he was a metaphysician only in order to be a moralist. Abstract reasoning was with him secondary. His main object was practice, and his great praise is that of a master in the philosophy of life. The abridgment seems very well made; at least it pleases me much; though I know not how much of that pleasure I ought to set down to the merely being reminded of what I so much like.† Perhaps it would

not give a sufficient idea of Search to a beginner. It is not a fault of the Abridgment, that much of the dramatic merit of the original is lost in it. That merit never could have been preserved in any abridgment, because it depends on the rambling and gossiping manner, which is not desirable for the mere student.

"—Delighted with the 'Vision' in the Abridgment (Search.) I still think the dialogue with Stahl might have been omitted. But the interview with his wife is most beautifully imagined, and most naturally told. He was a good man.

"—Go to bed always at the usual hour of seven o'clock.

"To-morrow morning, very early, I am to commence my march to Beejapoor. I quit the society of Europeans, and even the roads frequented by them. I shall, for a fortnight, neither hear a word of English, nor see a white face. My solitude is not quite voluntary; when it comes to the push, I feel that I should prefer a tolerable companion.

"14th.—Contrary to my expectation, I resume my journal at this place. The Hamauls and Mussauls\* have deserted in a body last night. I have lost my advance to them of near 200 rupees; and, if it had been anywhere else, I might have been obliged to make a long stop. Here I shall be able to procure Hamauls in the course of the day. The motive of the desertion was the heaviness of Colonel Close's Bengel palankeen, of which they have more than once complained; but every body agrees that their complaints were unreasonable—especially from so numerous a body as sixteen bearers.

"Mr. Elphinstone, who is sent on a mission to the court of Cabul, has been obliged to relinquish the ordinary route by Lahore, and to go by a road, which leads through a good deal of desert, to Moultan. Runjeet-Sing, the Seik chief of Lahore, was jealous of the mission. He did not much like the prospect of a close union between the English government, his most formidable eastern neighbours, and the king of Cabul, his equally formidable neighbour on the western side.

"Holkar has become so besotted a drunkard, as almost to have lost his senses. After an excessive dose of cherry brandy, he plucks the turbans from the heads of his chiefs, and beats them like the lowest slaves. This degradation of the only chief popular among the Hindûs, would be a matter of some consequence, if we were to have an European invasion.

"I am informed by Colonel Close, that the population of the city of Poonah is about a hundred thousand. The police is intrusted to a military Bramein of the family of Gokla, in whose domain Beejapoor is situated. He has a considerable establishment of police 'peons'; and his duty is either so easy, or so skilfully performed, that, notwithstanding the frequent assemblages of men, mostly armed, brought together by the religious festivals, there are very few instances of disorder. He punishes all small offences. Great crimes are punished (very rarely with death) by the officers intrusted with the districts, and, in very serious cases, by the government. Civil disputes are settled by arbitration, under the sanction of the ministers. There is not a court of judicature, nor a judge, in the whole Mahratta dominions. There are no regular forms of trial.

"The Peshwa† is just returned from a religious journey to Punderpoor, a Bramein town of considerable note, which we shall reach in five or six days; and this day he is gone to a village, at a small distance to the north-east, on a similar errand. He is a disgusting mixture of superstition and dissolute manners. It does not appear that this sort of profligacy is conceived at all to affect his moral character. Indeed, the Hindûs appear to have expunged purity of manners from their catalogue of virtues.

"Colonel Close informed me that the Peshwa's revenue amounts to about forty lacks of rupees, or half a million sterling. In the flourishing times of the Mahrattas, it used to amount to three crores, or three million and a half sterling. This seems a trifling revenue for a prince, who often brought into the field 200,000 men. But the Jagheerdars hold the lands by the tenure of furnishing soldiers; and they also execute the justice and police, such as they are, in their own territories. The pay of a Mahratta soldier is plunder. The Peshwa's revenue, therefore is almost a personal income. The civil and military expense of his own domains are to be deducted. But the first is scarcely worth notice; and the second, under the present Peshwa, is reduced to the support of a body of 3000 horse, more for purposes of state than of defence. The British subsidiary force form his real security; and, though that arrangement makes him a cipher, yet it is probably more

\* The agent of Colonel Close, at Panwell. He was also a cousin of Fyzzullah (Fazl-ed-din), Sir James's servant.

† Tucker was with him always a favourite author. In the "Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations" (p. 37, note) he speaks of the "Light of Nature" as "a work, which, after much consideration, I think myself authorized to call the most original and profound that has ever appeared on moral philosophy." Sir H. P. St. John Mildmay, in his Life of his Grandfather, Mr. Tucker, prefixed to an edition of his work, says, "I was in hopes to have offered some observations on this head (An Analysis of the general Scheme of the Light of Nature pursued) to the public, from the pen of Sir J. Mackintosh; had not the pressure of professional engagements interfered, and the high situation to which he has been called

in a distant country, finally defeated the plan he had in contemplation."

\* Palankeen bearers and link-boys.

† Bajee Rao.

agreeable to a superstitious voluptuary, than that disturbed and insecure position, in which, at the expense of quiet, he had some chance of independence and—if he were a man of talents—of aggrandizement.

"If India were thrown open to Europeans, I have little doubt that, in a century, the far greater part of the country would, by example and intermarriage, be prepared for the destruction of the system of castes. I can see no other mode of effecting that most desirable of all reformations.

"—At nine, ford the Curra, and by a pretty handsome gate, enter the large town of Baramuttee.—Ride about a quarter of a mile through streets which appear to have been well built, but in which half at least of the houses are in ruins.—Find our breakfast-tent pitched on the esplanade, after some difficulties, occasioned by the unwillingness of the officers of the fort to allow our servants to enter or pass through the town. Near us are a set of moveable huts, about four feet long, two feet wide, and three feet high, constructed of mats, upon a bamboo frame. We conversed with one of the occupiers, and found that they were of a very low caste of wandering physicians, called 'Bide,' or 'Wide,\* who ramble into the forests for simples, and who, notwithstanding their abject condition, are said to be consulted by the highest persons in the state. They are properly of no caste; they eat all meat but beef, and do not refuse even carrion; they have not so much as a 'guru' (or spiritual director,) but they have a god called 'Vincoba,' on the road to Hyderabad, of whom our informant could give us no farther account. When I asked him what became of men after death, he smiled at the question, as if it were ridiculous, and when it was repeated, said that nobody could know: they are therefore one of those very low castes of Hindûs—according to Dr. Buchanan very numerous—who have no notion of a future state. There are certainly as many men below superstition as above it; or, in other words, as many who have not imagination and feeling enough for an invisible world, as there are those, whose severe reason confines them to that of which they have experience.

"Our mode of travelling depends on that constitution of Indian towns and villages, described by Colonel Wilks, and which seems to prevail throughout all India. In every village are a set of officers, the chief of whom is the 'potail,' or headman, who, with the assistance of the 'punchaet,' or village jury, determines small disputes, and punishes petty offences. These offices are in practice generally hereditary; but the tenure is undefined, and in some measure dependent upon the approbation of the villagers and the superior officers of government: they are, however, very seldom removed. They are scarcely affected by great revolutions. Every succeeding conqueror addresses his orders directly to them, and they are the immediate superiors, whom the people, under every government, obey: they are paid by a proportion of the village crop. Among the officers is the town astrologer—a person who, besides his pretended science, performs the important function of announcing to the cultivators the regular seasons for the operations of agriculture. The barber and the poet are also members of this corporation. In every such village are a certain number of men of the lowest caste, or rather outcasts, who are allowed land on condition of carrying the baggage of travellers, and guiding them from stage to stage. Native travellers never pay them for either service: Europeans generally pay them for the labour of carrying baggage. In a country without roads, the necessity of guides may be easily conceived. Our guides always make a horrid noise if they are not relieved at the next village to their own, however short the distance may be.

"We met, this morning, a Bramin riding along the road, with a servant behind him on horseback. He told us that he resided at Indrapoor, about thirty miles to the southward; that he had no profession, but lived on his fortune.

"—In the evening walked through the town of Baramuttee, which we found better built, and with more remains of population, than we expected. The bazaar was crowded, and, as usual, noisy to a degree which, in England, would be the prelude of riot. Grain and coarse cottons were the principal articles. There is a handsome temple of Mahadeo, before which is his 'Nundi,' or bull, of the natural size, well executed.

"At the intimation of the Bramins, we forbore to intrude into the sanctuary. We met a Rajpoot, a servant of Meer Allum, the famous old minister at Hyderabad, who said he was on a visit to this, his native town, to which his father, or grandfather, had migrated about fifty years ago from Jansi, in Bundelcund. He told us that he had houses both at Baramuttee and Hyderabad. We wished to know whether he

was provided with wives at both places; but as it would have been unpolite to mention his wife, we asked whether he had two families of children? He answered that he had no children, with a deep sigh—strongly indicating the horror felt by the Orientals of a childless state. He dissuaded us from going by Beejapoor, which he assured us was not the road, and to which, he seemed to think, nothing but mistake could have led us; having no conception that curiosity could induce travellers to take a circuit.

"The present potail is a 'dunghar,' or shepherd. The office had been in his family for three generations, and was bought by his grandfather from the former holder, a 'malee,' or gardener. This transaction is said not to be unfrequent, but it requires the assent of the other members of the corporation. All the offices are considered as hereditary, and not removable at the pleasure of Jagheerders. In cases of small crimes, the potail and koolkurney, calling to their assistance four or six aged men of the various castes, try and punish the offenders. Civil disputes are settled in the same manner.

"The 'Jungum' says there are three of his body here. None of the Lingaets can read or write. They bury their dead. They say that the good-become parts of Mahadeo, and the wicked are reborn in human form. They marry any number of wives, but not more than one or two use the liberty. They expel a woman unfaithful to the marriage-bed, if the offence be with a man of another caste; but if one of themselves, the man is fined, the woman, after a feast and purification, is received back. The town suffered dreadfully from the famine, and Holkar levied a heavy contribution on it.

At Malcoomy, which is about half way, I found myself preceded by my medical fame. The Palankeen was surrounded by a body of barbarians, with whom as they speak only Mah-ratta, I could not hold the slightest communication further than repeating, '*Tumba Kerowla*,'† which they understood to be an invitation to repair to my tents at Kerowla, for my medical assistance. This new reputation is rather troublesome; and it would be impossible for the most skilful physician to do much good with so small a stock of medicine, and so short a time for observation. But captain Hamilton observes, that perhaps this medical character procures me more willing and more accurate information, than all the power of government could command. I certainly felt so last night in my inquiries from the Lingaets. They are a heretical set, very numerous in the country further south. They disown the Bramins, and have their own priests, called 'Jungums.'

"We saw on our arrival a very large flock of sheep, which were on the road from some country of more produce, to some other of greater demand. On the approach of tents and camels, the shepherds immediately drove their flocks into the jungle, and it was with great difficulty we procured some goats to feast our train, and some bad mutton for ourselves. In the town there remained only three or four huts, inhabited by Mahometans. They are Fakeers. We asked them whether they had any other profession! They answered, 'Our business is to receive charity, and to pray for our benefactors.' We inquired whether any of them could read the Koran. They said 'No; our business is only to pray; but one of us has a brother at Balownee, who can read.' This reminded me of a native Roman Catholic priest, in whose church at Veragunderpeet, in Coorg, I slept two nights last year, and who, upon my asking him for a bible, told me he had none at that place (where he had been for ten years,) but that he had an excellent one at Mangalore, not more than two hundred miles distant.

"21st.—Kerowla to Punderpoor, ten or twelve miles.

"—This morning met only one desolate village. It is a solitary road, through a country perfectly deserted.—Within a mile of Punderpoor, passed a large field. The cultivator of this field being at his prayers to Witoba, was asked what he was sowing! He said a particular shrub (naming it.) The god knew this to be false, and condemned the field never to produce anything else.

"—At eight entered the city, and rode about a mile through the bazaar, a street, or rather lane of huts.

"Our tents are placed in a large plain, on the banks of the Bema, south-east of the city; and just to the southward is encamped Chintamunt Rao, with a few hundred of his cavalry. He has remained here since the late pilgrimage of the Peshwa; and, after breakfast, we saw him begin his march to Poonah. A dozen led horses, and a led elephant preceded the state palankeen in which he was carried. He was attended by 5 or 600 ragamuffins upon horses of all sorts called Mah-

\* The Mah-ratta name for physician.

† Priest of the sect of Lingaets.

† "Tent—Kerowla."



ratta cavalry—observing no order of march, some loitering, and some scampering about at pleasure. They are just the sort of men whom the Peshwa sent to meet me in 1805. They are robbers, by profession, with scarcely any pay but plunder, which they raise indiscriminately from friend or foe. These are the horse who have spread desolation over India, from Delhi to Tanjore. The British power now confines their plunder to their own unfortunate territory. With the usual superstition of robbers, they remained several hours in the temples; during which time we were obliged to sit in our tents:—their insolence, inflamed by bigotry and conscious strength, being on such occasions intolerable; especially as the departure of the chief secured impunity for their outrages, to those who lingered behind him.

"22nd.—More patients in the evening.—Still further proofs of the desolation of this wretched country.—No grain for the horses.—Went into the village to inquire the cause, and found a scapoy of the jagheerdar, come to sieze the potal for arrears of rent—and the potal and koolkurney fled to the jungle to escape from him. It would be hard for this chief to state the protection, for which these arrears are due. The poor villagers in reality administer their own affairs, and know him only by his exactions.

"Our karkoon lodged here at an old temple of Mahadeo, just by our tents. After he had bathed, we found him with no dress but brown silk drawers, cooking his mess of rice; and he sung Mahratta songs all the evening, as jovially as Dignam after his beef-steaks and port. He is a merry savage, and his mirth has almost disarmed my displeasure. He is utterly unlike the general character of a Bramin; but that character has, in the Mahratta states, been almost lost.

"That part of Buchanan's work which relates to agriculture and natural history, I will suppose to be good. The description of the various castes is very curious, and opens to the mind an extensive view of that incredible variety of opinions and usages, which are usually jumbled together, under the vague name of the Hindû religion.

"As we were walking out in the evening before our tents, we were rather unexpectedly informed by the karkoon, that the jungle all around was full of robbers, and that there was every reason to expect an attack in the night. This banditti consists of two castes—one entirely savage, who never quit the jungle, called Bered, and the other called Ramussee, who, though they have a share of hereditary lands, have of late preferred robbery to cultivation. They do not in general murder, unless they be resisted: their common plan is to make a night attack with dreadful cries, to throw torches among the tents, and having, by these and other means, created confusion, to steal whatever they can find.

"25th.—Jelliall to Beejapoor, twenty miles.

"Set out at twenty minutes after five, and passed the ruined and absolutely solitary towns of Seddewara, Booplaad, and Arker, every one of which had been considerable. For fourteen miles, the only living creatures we saw were some pretty parrots, a partridge, a hare, and a herd of deer; yet our road was through a country which had been universally cultivated, and within a few miles of what had been one of the most superb cities of the East. About ten o'clock we were astonished by the sight of two men on horseback. At the distance of about eleven miles, we first saw one of the domes of Beejapoor rising with great majesty, not very unlike the dome '*des Invalides*' at Paris. Many others rose upon our view as we advanced. At eleven we began to travel over ruins, with mosques, cubrs (tombs of saints,) &c., on all sides. A little after, we found the subahdar come to receive us. In company with him we proceeded to the fort, where we arrived about twelve.

"In entering the gate the eye is struck with the massiveness of the stones which compose the wall. I never saw so many stones, of such a size, so solidly held together, in a building of such height. We encamped under a tower called the Copri Boorj, or lofty tower, to the top of which we climbed by a stair, now broken, leading up the outside. On the top were two of the monstrous pieces of ordnance described by Major Moor. One of them I measured with my umbrella, and guessed to be about thirty feet in length, which, on looking at Moor, I found to be right. From this tower is a very extensive prospect over a naked and uncultivated plain of vast extent, over which are scattered many noble edifices—the remains of a city which, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was probably the fourth of the Mahometan world; only Constantinople, Ispahan, and Delhi could have surpassed it. There are no traces of private dwellings, and the present scanty population is huddled in the ruins. We afterwards went to a bastion, where was the '*Mulluke Meidan*,' or king of the

plain, a piece of brass ordnance, supposed to be the largest, and certainly the most useless, in the world. It was originally cast for Nigam Shah, of Ahmednuggar, by a man whose name has the addition of '*Roami*,' which does not, however, mean an Italian, as Moor supposes, but a native of the Turkish dominions, called '*Roum*' in the East. It was brought here in triumph by one of the Adil Shahia kings; and when Aurungzebe took this city in 1689, he effaced the old inscription on this extraordinary gun, and substituted one which still remains in commemoration of his conquest.

"26th.—Beejapoor. At half-past six we set out to explore this Palmyra of the Deekan.

"We walked towards the north-east, through rows of small mosques, of which, according to our guide, there remain about 1400. This is the more likely to be true, as nine-tenths of them are not larger than summer houses. We passed on our right the fortification which contains the palace, and on our left an unfinished building of immense extent, begun by Ali Adil Shah.

"In several of the mosques and tombs, the minute work in stone is exquisite, and surpassed by no cathedral which I have ever seen. The arches have every gradation from the roundest Saxon to the most pointed Gothic; but as these buildings were not erected till the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, after architecture had passed through all its stages in Europe, they do not properly constitute any monuments of the history of that art. After walking about two miles, we found, on our right, the Great Mosque, to build which, like St. Paul's, had taken the reigns of five kings. Like St. Paul's, too, it witnessed political revolutions during the period in which it was building, and was completed under a foreign sovereign. Aurungzebe added some small buildings, that he might have some pretence to rank as a fifth among the royal founders. On entering, we saw three sides of a square opening on the fourth side to a garden and large tank. On the side opposite to the tank is the mosque, and it certainly has a very grand effect. It consists of five rows of noble cloisters, each twenty-two feet wide, very lofty, and supported by massy pillars. They are divided into small squares of that size, each square covered by a small dome, and the central part of the third and fourth rows from the outside forms one square of seventy feet across, covered with a correspondent cupola. In the centre of the fifth is a shrine, which, when uncovered, appeared full of passages from the Koran, in letters once gilt. The verandahs of the wings, extending on the right and left of the garden, were high and spacious. The whole is in excellent repair, and I think very few buildings composed only of stone can have a more dignified appearance.

"At some distance is the Burra Gumbuz, or great dome of Sultan Mahomet Adil Shah, which certainly deserves the name. This was the building which we saw from the eminence on this side of Booplaad. It is certainly a most noble mausoleum, though, as it has no more building than is necessary to support the cupola, it is not to be compared with St. Peter's or St. Paul's, where the domes are only grand parts of immense structures. In the centre was a large elevated platform, with three monuments. The breadth is about forty-eight paces; the guide called it eighty cubits. At each corner is a minaret, which goes to the top. By a staircase in one of these we climbed up, rather laboriously, to the top, which we found, on the inside of the dome, one hundred and thirty-two paces round. Here is a whispering gallery, where the lowest distinct articulation produces a very clear and loud echo; no sound is lost; I made it resound (I know not if for the first time) with the first verses of '*Alexander's Feast*,' and the '*Bard*,' with some stanzas of '*Chevy Chase*,' two strophes of the '*Progress of Poesy*,' the Exordium of '*Paradise Lost*,' and, lastly, as applicable to the scene, with

'The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,' &c.

Every word of the poetry was most harmoniously reverberated. We returned now to breakfast, a little after ten o'clock, almost exhausted.

"From this place, we were conducted to the Taj Bourie, a handsome tank, surrounded by a low but not inelegant range of buildings, where the great persons of the court sat to look at the water-exhibitions, for which the tank was constructed. We walked through a fine park, once a garden—but now, more pleasingly to our eyes—covered with fine trees and verdure; and beyond it we found a monument erected to a daughter of Aurungzebe, the conqueror of Beejapoor. It is of white marble, brought from Delhi, and the only marble monument we have seen here. We are told that the princess became enamoured of the famous Mahratta chief, Sevajee, during his visit to Delhi; that Aurungzebe offered her to him in mar-

riage, on condition of his becoming a Mussulman; that he rejected the condition; that the princess, in consequence, rejected all offers of marriage, and died single, in this city, three years after the conquest. The tomb is not otherwise remarkable; but any proof of natural affection in a merciless barbarian, has the effect of a green spot in a wilderness. Near were two elegant monuments; one of a Mussulman saint or peer; another of a virgin of Beejapoor—two personages who had probably little intercourse during life.

"Beejapoor was the capital of a kingdom which, in its most flourishing state, never extended further than from Goa to Calberga, and from near Poonah to the Tombudra. Those who told Major Moor that it once contained near a million of houses, made rather a bold experiment on the credulity of a stranger. They told him at the same time, that the circuit of the city walls was a day's journey. Now, as twenty-five miles may be considered as a long day's journey, this account of Beejapoor makes its circuit to have been not more than that of London; and as there were such large vacancies in gardens, mosques, palaces, &c., it cannot have been as populous as London. Its population may be probably guessed at four or five hundred thousand; and the difficulty seems to be, how a kingdom of no larger extent or greater resources, could have produced a capital, so splendid and well peopled.

"The Subahdar informed us, that within these twenty years this city contained five or six thousand inhabited houses, or perhaps near thirty thousand inhabitants, but that at present the houses and people were reduced to one sixth. So gross is the ignorance prevalent here, that there were offerings of flowers, &c. before the monuments of Ibrahim Adil Shah, which the Koran would doubtless condemn as idolatrous; while, on the other hand, our Hindü servants offered their devotions before this Mahometan shrine. On Captain Hamilton's reminding them that this was a Mussulman building, they replied 'that it was, notwithstanding, the residence of a God.' So easily can the most stupid ignorance mimic the acts of liberality!

"I know of no writer but Mahomet Cassim Ferishta, the celebrated historian, who lived in this city. He was a Persian, originally in the service of the king of Ahmednuggar, who made his escape from a massacre of foreigners, and entered into the service of Ibrahim Adil Shah, at Beejapoor. He wrote about the time of Camden, and was, perhaps, not very inferior to that laborious writer. Hafiz was invited to the Court of Beejapoor, but got so sick on board ship that he relanded, and returned to drink his shirauz. He afterwards wrote an ode against the folly of crossing the seas in search of wealth, which I ought to have read and considered in 1803.

"27th, Sunday.—Beejapoor to Naghtana, eleven miles.

"Many patients came to consult me—some with most singular, and others with most distressing cases. I did all I could, and heartily wished for power to do more. The intercourse of benevolence at least, if not of much benefit, between individuals of nations who had never seen each other, removed all distrust, and looked as if there really was such a disposition as humanity. It was something to see children cling round the necks of their fathers, and sons carrying their infirm parents in pursuit of health. Men appeared to be more like each other in the best qualities, than the pride of civilization would be willing to allow.

"28th.—From Manoor, the party proceeded through a country of similar desolation to Calberga, the next object of their curiosity, where they spent a day or two in inspecting the ruins of that once kingly city. From thence Sir James proceeded, accompanied by Mr. Russell, to Hyderabad, whilst Captain Hamilton, with the tents and servants, crossed over to a point on the more northerly route from Hyderabad to Poonah, there to await the approach of his former fellow-traveller, on his return.

"December 4th, Sunday.—At six o'clock in the morning we set out upon an excursion round the fort of Golconda—I mean round the outside, and at a considerable distance; for no European is suffered to enter, or even to approach, this fort, supposed to be impregnable, and now destined for the secure custody of treasure and state prisoners. It is situated on a rock, and the walls wind round, according to the risings and hollows of the rock, in a very picturesque manner. It has some resemblance to the castle of Edinburgh, but it is not so grand, as the rock is neither so high nor so abrupt. At one place we had a very striking view of it over a large tank. In the back ground were the tombs of the kings of Golconda, under the rock; and just before them was our encampment. This day, and the following, were spent as they would be at an agreeable country-house in England. We met, retired, dispersed, and reassembled as we felt inclined, to talk, to read,

to write, or to lounge. The unfortunate inferiority of an Indian day is, that from breakfast till evening we are imprisoned by the sun. Here, indeed, at present, the sky is so cloudy, and the weather so cold, that people ride about all day, but I conceive with very doubtful prudence.

"5th.—Golconda to the Residency near Hyderabad, seven miles.

"The approach to a declining capital was marked by large gardens running to waste, and ruined country-houses. The mosques, and their minarets in the city, had a fine effect. About nine we arrived at the Residency—the most elegant house which I have yet seen in India. In the front is a very noble portico, formed by Corinthian pillars. It is sixty feet in length, and nearly as lofty as the house. From this porch you go into a hall of the same length, and formerly of the same height, but now divided by Captain Sydenham into two stories. The support of the ceiling requires so many pillars, that the lower hall may now be called a colonnade; but the columns are beautiful, and have a very fine effect. At each end is an oval room, thirty-six feet by twenty-four. One is a dining-room, the other a library and family drawing-room. At the corners are four smaller square-rooms, office, billiard-room, &c. Above stairs, the same distribution is exactly repeated, comprising a drawing-room sixty feet by forty. The whole of both floors are uniformly carpeted, glazed, *sofaed*, &c. with English furniture, and in the handsomest style of London. In short, this house is oriental only in its magnificence: it is perfectly English in its comforts. It was built by an English engineer at the expense of the Nizam, for the late Resident, Colonel Kirkpatrick. Captain Sydenham's library is an excellent collection—both English and French; his stud can boast a dozen of the finest horses in the East; and very few tables surpass his, either in meat or cookery. 'The times,' says Lord Bacon, 'which are best to live in, are worst to read about.' In the same manner, the most agreeable days afford least materials for a journal.

"The number of women enslaved, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment in such loathsome dungeons—without occupation or amusement, without knowledge or accomplishment, without the possibility of a good quality which could rise so high as to deserve the name of a virtue—is perhaps the strongest instance of low and depraved tyranny that the world exhibits. That these women are too brutalized to be sensible of their own depression, does not alleviate, but aggravates the evil. I, who know of what excellence women are capable, feel the full extent of this shocking degradation. Among these millions of poor victims, there must be some who might have risen to be a Miss Baillie or a Madame de Staël. It is almost a consolation, that men are necessarily 'emburied' by the tyranny which they practice.

"7th.—This morning, soon after breakfast, three ministers from the Nizam waited upon me. The two superior were handsome men, with the air of easy dignity, which makes a gentleman. I particularly admired the nice cleanliness of their beards, &c. The mildness of their manners formed a singular contrast to the ferocious cruelty, which history proves to be the character of eastern statesmen; and it would have been impossible to conjecture that men so denuded should be plunged in that gross and monstrous debauchery, which, I am informed, prevails in this city, more than in any other of the East. These men, of such gentle, polished, and decorous manners, were of the same class, if not the same individuals, who do not scruple to cut off the head of a servant, when he prefers anything to the caprices of a dissolute tyrant. Under them, I am informed that not a day passes without murder. These daily murders produce no horror; indeed, they scarcely attract notice, and they are never punished. The Nizam is said to have declared that he will not inflict death. The absence of capital punishment in such governments, is not to be imputed to lenity, but negligence. It is not that the prince feels too much for the criminal, but that he cares too little for the innocent person who is injured.

"8th.—The principal news of the day is the alarming illness of Meer Allum ('the Lord of the World,') prime minister to the Nizam. He is of a Persian family, but born at Aurangabad. He is said to possess extraordinary talents, and to be an accomplished Persian and Arabic scholar. He writes elegantly in prose and verse. He was appointed by the British influence, and is the great pillar of the government and the English connexion.

"The education of an accomplished Mahometan statesman seems to be the same with that of a scholar. Learning is considered the proper qualification for political office. So it was some centuries ago in Europe, when almost all statesmen, as well as lawyers, were churchmen. So it must always be,



when there is only one education different from that of the vulgar. It is in a farther stage of the social progress that education is sub-divided, and scholars have one sort of education, statesmen another. This does not appear to be the case in England, because the old monastic system of the college is uniform; but men's pursuits are, in fact, varied by their objects. Society and business give the appropriate education to the statesman; and though he ought to be well informed and accomplished, he ought not to be, and cannot be, a professed scholar.

"9th.—This morning we hear that Meer Allum died at midnight, aged about fifty-seven, but of a broken constitution. The people are said to be full of consternation and sorrow. The Court is of course full of intrigue.

"At half-past ten, Captain Sydenham and I mounted upon the lofty elephant with the yellow housings. The rest of the gentlemen were placed upon other elephants.

"We dismounted about eleven o'clock, after passing through two large courts, the first of which was occupied by a guard-house, and the second by apartments for inferior attendants, we were conducted into the hall of audience. The distribution of the palace is unlike that of western buildings. There properly is no one palace, but a series of open pavilions, divided by gardens and reservoirs of water. The gardens are pretty much in, what used to be called, the French taste, and undoubtedly the only one suitable to gardens mixed with buildings. The hall was supported by four or five rows of wooden pillars, painted and gilt. The ceiling was covered with muslin so as somewhat to resemble our beds, and over the carpeting on the floor was white cotton cloth. As soon as we reached the carpeting we took off our shoes,—the oriental mark of respect, and one which seems natural enough, as it is the taking off that part of dress most likely to be soiled, and therefore most unfit to enter the house. To uncover the head is also a natural mark of respect, because the head is the most dignified part of the body. As the feet are most apt to be cold, the uncovering of them would naturally be abandoned in cold climates; and perhaps the effect of uncovering the head, in showing the expression of the face in conversation, contributed to the adoption of that custom in countries where social intercourse is free, and an important part of the enjoyment of life.

"At the private audience, Captain Sydenham condoled with the Subahdar on the death of Meer Allum. His Highness spoke of that minister in the highest terms of commendation, but did not lead the conversation to the appointment of a successor, as it was expected he would have done. He tied round my hat a band of jewels, and placed in front a plume of them, with a clasp for holding a plume of feathers. He tied on bracelets and armlets, and a sort of necklace. The largest stones were emeralds, they were surrounded by small diamonds and pearls, and a few rubies; they were set in gold. They were in general poor stones, ill set. The whole value amounted to about a thousand guineas. After about an hour and a half of intolerable constraint in cross-legged sitting, we were released, and returned home by a longer road, which gave me an opportunity of seeing more of the city; it was only more of the same sort. Several of the hotels of the nobility form inclosures of great extent. The street-front of some of them is perhaps three times the length of that of Burlington House. Our visit seemed a great show; the whole population poured out to see it.

"The population of Hyderabad is variously stated at eight, four, and two hundred thousand. The first is a monstrous exaggeration. As the circuit is only five miles, and that space contains large courts and gardens, and even some corn-fields, the smallest estimate is the most likely to be correct. An anarchy so complete, in so large a city, is almost inconceivable to an European understanding.

"We had afterwards a visit from a syed of Shirauz, an eminent Persian poet, who came here lately to see his relation, Meer Allum, and who returns next month to Persia. He is an old man, very lively and polished. I was surprised to find that they had separate words for versifier and poet, which they distinguished as much as we do. He said 'that none of their modern poets were equal to the ancient, but that some had real merit,' which might be said as truly in England as in Persia. Excellent poems were, he said, instantly copied, and spread throughout the kingdom. The first of living poets he represented to be Futty Ali Khan, who lives at court, and who is suspected of dressing up the poems published under the name of the King. We conversed much about the political situation of Persia and India.

"—Finish Plowden's History of Ireland, a confused, unwieldy pamphlet, in three volumes, quarto; but a repository

of dreadful and damning proof against the English government of Ireland.

"My stay here now draws towards a close.

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"17th.—At five, A. M. leave the Residency, where I have passed an agreeable fortnight.—About half-past seven take a farewell glance of the picturesque citadel and tombs of Golconda.—Went on by Dawk too rapidly to make much observation.

"18th, Sunday.—Under the walls of Beder, the remains of which I had come out of the direct road to visit. It was the second capital of the Bahminiah monarchy, which, like the Roman, had one capital for its conquering period, and another for that of its decline. Calberga was their Rome, and Beder their Constantinople. The seat of government was transferred to the latter city about 1420, and the dominions of the Bahminiah sultans were finally partitioned about a century afterwards.

"22nd.—Wyraag to Looney, eighteen miles.

"On being called this morning, I looked as usual for my jacket and waistcoat, but they were not to be found. The servants ran in some alarm to see if they were in the palankeen. I looked under the bed, and immediately saw that the writing-desk was missing from its usual place, beneath the pillow. I instantly saw that there had been a robbery, though Ramjee had slept in the tent. Fyzullah was the only attendant who showed presence of mind. He immediately ran out of the back door with the light. I ran to Captain Hamilton's tent—full of vexation, supposing that we should be detained for want of money on the road, and bitterly lamenting the loss of my little MS. on Eloquence, as well as of this journal—certainly not for its merit, but for the sake of her for whose amusement it was written. In a moment there was a cry that the writing-desk was found. We ran into the field about an hundred paces from the tent; and found it completely ransacked, and broken into six or seven pieces. A hundred rupees in silver, a penknife, three razors, and a silver-headed pencil, were carried off. The papers, and other little dressing apparatus, were fortunately left; in consequence, I believe, of the speed and boldness of Fyzullah, who caught a glimpse of the thief, and was upon him almost before he could escape. Indeed, if the other men had answered Fyzullah's call, the thief must have been caught. As it was, he seemed just to have been interrupted; but it was not till he had too nearly completed his business. We were a little perplexed about proceeding; but determined on leaving Fyzullah to make a complaint to the potail, and to endeavour to raise a loan of thirty rupees upon the credit of my bill on Poonah.

"We set off a little after four, and passed many towns or walled villages.—At eight most agreeably roused by a tappaul, with a letter from you, with the welcome information that conversation would soon succeed to this sort of intercourse; and I arrived at this poor little place rather jaded and harassed about eleven.

"At half-past twelve, Fyzullah came up, and we found that his complaints and negotiations had been ineffectual. As soon as the alarm of a theft was given, the inhabitants shut the gates—afraid, no doubt, that we should have indemnified ourselves in the most summary manner, by ordering our seapoys to plunder, as a Mahratta chief would certainly have done.—Finding that Fyzullah was alone, they suffered him to enter. They told him, 'that if he would stay till they had levied the sum plundered from all the houses of the town, according to their custom, he should have it;' but as this would keep him till the evening, he refused to comply, and only asked them to lend thirty rupees on a bill on Colonel Close. This they declined, pretending they had no knowledge of Colonel Close: and Fyzullah, finding that one of our coolies, or porters, had a silver ring about his ankle worth twenty rupees, he was prevailed upon to sell it; and with this stock we now proceed.

"It is remarkable enough that I, who never have been robbed but twice in my life,\* should have, on both occasions, recovered the manuscript, and lost most of the other articles. My 'gentle reader' will recollect the robbery committed on us in the evening of our return from one happy autumn at Cambridge."

With an entry at Patas—a town of some size, not very far from Poonah, to which we pass—the Journal concludes.

\* This was the case a third time, after his return to England. A MSS. book, which had been purloined, was, singularly enough, met with in France by his friend, Colonel Fox, and thus regained

"One or two general facts deserve notice. In the course of one thousand miles, we have not seen a detached house, nor a village without a wall. The principal injunction in our passports is to supply us with guards. These three circumstances seem to show, that the insecurity of this country is not occasional or temporary, but its usual, and probably, perpetual state.

"We conceive ourselves, in common prudence, bound to require a guard at every station, though we have a military escort of fourteen soldiers, and more than fifty followers. With all these precautions we have been once robbed, and have travelled for some time, without perfect confidence in our personal security.

"All India, except the British territories, is at present in one of two conditions. Some part of it is subject to upstart military adventurers—Scindia, Holkar, and others of the same sort, but of inferior note—who act pretty openly as chiefs of freebooters, levying money by force or terror, wherever they can find it without troubling themselves to find pretexts; rambling about in search of booty; visiting their nominal capital not once in ten years; not affecting any forms or exterior of civil authority; and not much more connected with what is called their own territories, than with any other district equally well situated for plunder. They live in their camps, and they pursue booty as avowedly as any man, in a well-regulated society, can do his most honest occupations.

"The rest is in the hands of more ancient possessors, who have dwindled into mere voluntauaries and pageants. Among them is the Peshwa, the Nizam, the Nabob of Oude, &c. &c. They, in reality, exercise no functions of government, except that of collecting the revenue. In every other respect, they throw the reins on the horse's neck. In their dominions there is no police—no administration of justice; sovereignty is to them a perfect sinecure. I observe that the want of capital executions at Lucknow, has been lately quoted in England with this observation, '*such is their tenderness of blood.*' This inference is made in a capital, where you cannot ride out of a morning without the risk of trampling on a newly-murdered man. The very reverse is the proper inference. Such is their disregard for the lives of their subjects, that they do not think it worth their while to punish a murderer. Such negligence of life, by the name of humanity, is a gross confusion of ideas.

"The slovenliness of this Journal proves its honesty. If it were worthy a dedication, I should inscribe it to her for whose amusement it was written, and to whom I wish to dedicate the remainder of my life."

## CHAPTER X.

Determination to leave India—Visit to Poonah—Departure of Lady Mackintosh—Ceylon—Return to Bombay—Journal continued—Excursion to Callian—Judicial Duties—Remarks on Books—Opie—Rulhière—Code Napoleon—Character of Windham—Visit to Aurungabad and Ellora—Description of the Caves—General observations.

THE term of five years of judicial service, which was prescribed as the qualification for an advantageous retirement, was soon to elapse, and Sir James, as might have been expected from what has been witnessed of his desire to return to England, had already furnished his friends at home with a discretionary resignation of his office. They had, however, not only not acted upon it, but, in consonance with the dictates of sound prudence, had strongly urged his remaining some years longer in India. They very justly considered the object for which he had originally gone out, and for which he had made so many sacrifices, as yet unattained, in the comparatively small amount of fortune which he had amassed—a consideration of which he, perhaps unwisely, was never inclined to consider the just importance in the scheme of life.\*

\* It was in vain that its importance was impressed upon him, amongst others, by an attached friend, then also in India. "You should have told me something about the main chance, that I might have had an opportunity to read to you one of those lectures which I have long had ready on the score of economy. I have a commission from — to be very grave upon it. You do, I hope, bethink yourself of another world. I mean that other world where we are all to meet in laziness and laughter, and put off the

Their advice he brought himself, in some degree, to adopt; but so partially, as to confirm in the result the apprehensions of those who knew him best, that even the general example of money-making, which surrounded him, would have no effect on a too inveterate indifference as to personal emolument. He had been at El Dorado, but had forgotten the gold; and on his return had to confess that he was "ashamed of his poverty, as it shows a want of common sense. I can no more learn to play the game of life than that of whist."

In addition to the "*maladie du pays*" which at this period hung upon him, such prudential considerations were still more powerfully opposed by an occurrence which soon after took place. This was the loss of the principal pleasure and support of his exile—the society of his wife, whose departure from a tropical climate was become necessary for the health of her younger children. The whole period of nearly two years intervening between her departure and his own, ere which last his own constitution had become too sensibly enfeebled, contains allusions to his anxious wishes to realize what had already become his determination, as thus expressed:—"My life flows by, and it is time to do something. I therefore am resolved on going home, with a view of exerting myself most actively in public life, if I was thought worth a seat in Parliament, or devoting myself to profound retirement and intense study, if the doors of St. Stephen were barred. I have hitherto been neither a man of action or speculation, but have been too much divided between them to allow myself a fair chance in either."

A few days shortly preceding this separation, were devoted to a visit to Mr. Henry Russell, who had succeeded as Resident at the Peshwa's court. Their party consisted of themselves and their three youngest children, with their friends, Captain and Mrs. Graham, the last of whom, in her "*Journal of a Residence in India*," gives a lively account of the tour, and amongst other things mentions the train of servants that were required for this short journey of ninety or a hundred miles. "Our attendants," says she, "are near two hundred. We are obliged to carry tents, furniture, cooking utensils, and food; so that our train cannot consist of fewer persons. Besides, we must have coolies to carry our baggage, Lascars to attend to and pitch our tents, servants to dress our food, others to take care of the horses and the beasts of burden, and hamauls for our palankeens."\* The party visited the caves at Carlee, which it will be remembered he left unexplored in his journey of the previous year; the city of Poonah, and the Hill of Parbutty, with its palaces; and having passed some days at the Sungum with its hospitable master, returned to Bombay, after a fortnight's absence, about the 27th of December.

On the 3d of February following, the same party embarked on board the 'Cumbrian,' Captain Tait, in which Lady Mackintosh and her young family were to sail for Europe, and accompanied her in it as far as Point de Galle.

To give an account of Sir James's mode of life henceforward, it will scarcely be necessary to do more than to continue to have resort to his own journal, which—composed as it was under habits of feeling, and with an object already noticed—the more continuous separation which had now taken place, rendered only the more copious.

"February 23d.—After I had seen you wave your hand from the window of the 'Cumbrian,' I made a melancholy breakfast on board the 'Prince of Wales,' and reached Mr. Wood's bungalow about ten. The death-like separation which has now taken place subdues and silences me. After looking out very often at the lessening ships, the last was out of sight about two o'clock. I was then oppressed with a feeling that I was left in a friendless hemisphere. Many apprehensions rushed on my mind of the dangers to which I had exposed the little party who were the chief objects of my affection. I passed a morning rather bitter than melancholy.

"Thinking on the way in which the friendships, even of good people, die away without quarrel, it occurred to me that

real other world as long as we can. I am terribly afraid of your prevalent defect in this country of carelessness."

\* The intellectual appliances of life in the East, would seem to be on the same profuse scale, from an observation of the same Lady, recorded in Sir J.'s journal shortly before.

["August 27th.—Miss D— observed that six languages were this morning spoken at my breakfast-table: Arabic between the Padre and the Cazeuz; Persian between both and Dr. Jukes; Hindostanee between Robert and his sisters; Italian by the Padre to Miss D— and me; French by Ashburner to the Padre; and English between the English part of the company."]



a very useful sermon might be written on the causes and remedies of the decay of friendship. 'Thine own friend and thy father's friend forget not.' The grand cause is too clear and strong a perception of the faults of others. The zeal for reforming these faults makes the matter worse, because it is almost sure of being disappointed, and the disappointment exaggerates the old faults, and discovers new ones. The reformer becomes disagreeable by ungrateful admonitions, and begins to dislike those who will not listen to his counsel. Thus friendship is insensibly dissolved, without any apparent cause, and it is well if, in the state of alienation which succeeds, each party does not seek some occasion of quarrel, to deliver himself from the reproach of inconstancy, and from the constraint of keeping up appearances. The remedy is to set out with a large stock of toleration, and the danger of this remedy is, that the toleration may degenerate into indifference. Men of mild virtue must cherish the affections which happily blind them to the defects of those whom they love;—men of a severer morality must cultivate a high sense of the *becomingness* and dignity of constancy.

"May 2d.—We dined, as usual, *tête-à-tête*; and I again found Tyler not incapable of discussing rather abstruse matters. He even anticipated a favourite observation of mine, that the imposition of celibacy on the Catholic clergy, probably saved Europe from a hereditary priesthood; and, consequently, from great part of the evils of Braminism; perhaps from all the abominations of the Asiatic system.

"7th.—At breakfast, was apprised by Osborne of the arrival of the 'Ternate' from the Gulf, with no letters for me. Malcolm allows me to read his journals sent to Mrs. M. They are exactly like his conversation. The last number mentions an extraordinary feat of Synd, the chief porter at Bushire. He carried eight hundred and sixty pounds of grain for some minutes on his shoulders, and he has several times walked up the steps of the factory at Bushire, carrying a pipe of Madeira.

"11th.—To-morrow my adjourned sessions begin. I have three murders;—one by an European soldier on a native, which I fear will compel me to depart from my system.

"12th.—Day of my adjourned sessions.—Charged the grand jury with more than usual solemnity, and informed them, that after near six years, in which I had the happiness of never once inflicting capital punishment, the present state of the calendar seemed to announce that I must now show my regard to human life in another manner.

"The calendar contained four charges of murder; but on two there was a verdict of manslaughter; on a third there might have been the same verdict. There was a verdict of guilty; but with such a recommendation, and attended with such circumstances, that I had no difficulty in making the punishment transportation.

"The fourth was a more difficult case. It was that of an Irish artilleryman, who having wrested an officer's sword from his horse-keeper, ran two or three miles on the road with it, and at last killed a poor old, unarmed, and unoffending seapoy of police. It had not a single circumstance which could be considered as a mitigation—but the man was mortally drunk.

"To admit this as a defence, or even to allow it publicly as a mitigation, seems extremely dangerous. But as the example of punishment does not influence a man who is drunk any more than one who is mad, it is plain, that to hang a man for what he does in such circumstances, is to make drunkenness, when followed by an accidental consequence, a capital offence. The execution will not deter drunkards from murder; it only deters men who are sober from drunkenness.

"14th.—After much consideration, I determined to pronounce sentence of death on the 'murderer,' or 'killer'; and after letting the terror of it hang for some time over his head, either to respite him till the king's pleasure be known, or to commute the punishment into transportation. The sentence of death will be found in the newspapers. It was the first time that I had worn my condemnation cap, and I was considerably affected. I, however, contained my feelings; and, in the midst of humanity, did not, I hope, lose the proper firmness and dignity.

"19th.—A great fête to be given at Parell on the 4th of June, to celebrate the Jubilee.\* Newnham† applied to me for assistance in Mottoes, &c.

"I first sketched an inscription for the four sides of an illuminated obelisk, containing an enumeration of all the great

names, actions, and works, which have distinguished the age of George III. This was the only way in which I could speak at once sincerely and civilly of the king's reign. I find there will be no room for the obelisk, but I will send you the inscriptions.

"21st.—A young Mackintosh from the Bengal civil service, dined here. I was somewhat amused by the sensibility shown by a young Highlander, C—, who almost cried out at the idea of any body disbelieving Ossian. He said he had read the Gaelic of these poems when at school with more emotion than he ever felt from poetry; and was convinced that it was as possible for a cockney to write Burns, as for Macpherson to have written the Gaelic of Ossian.

"23rd.—The court was reassembled. He read a petition to me for sparing the artilleryman's life, from Colonel Baillie and all the artillery officers, and we commuted the punishment into transportation for life.

"27th, Sunday.—Discussion in the forenoon, on the moral effect of novels. My position was that fictitious narrative, in all its forms—epic poem, tale, tragedy, romance, novel,—was one of the grand instruments employed in the moral education of mankind; because it is only delightful when it interests; and to interest is to excite sympathy for the heroes of the fiction; that is, in other words, to teach men the habit of feeling for others. The objectors had, I thought, looked only to the imperfections and faults of this mode of discipline, which, however, all modes of moral discipline have. It is more imperfect than real life, because sympathy in real life is followed by active benevolence, and it is always mixed with the vices of the age, the country, and the writer.

"16th.—I last night borrowed Opie's lectures from Woodhouse,\* and I have just read Mrs. Opie's Memoir of her husband. It is a pleasing sketch, in one or two parts very elegant; it breathes esteem, admiration, and pride: these, perhaps, were the sentiments naturally produced by his character. 'As flame shines the brighter in certain airs, so he shone the most in certain societies,' is a very happy sentence.

"One passage I object to,—where she makes an excuse for not exposing his faults. The apology is unnecessary; her character as a wife, and as an eulogist, is a sufficient reason for silence. She ought either to have been absolutely silent, or, with an intrepid confidence in the character of her husband, to have stated faults which she was sure would have been 'dust in the balance,' placed in the scale opposite to his merits.

"I am pleased with Mrs. Opie's mention, but I reflect with some melancholy feelings of anger at myself, that I ought not to have been this day in a condition to be much gratified by this secondary fame.

"18th.—The general effect of Opie has been so great, that I have relinquished minute criticism. I shall try to describe the impression made by this uncommon book.

"Among those qualities of human nature which respect only the command of means, without any necessary regard to the good or bad ends for which they are employed, the two highest seem indisputably to be original thought and decisive character. The former appears to sway in the world of speculation—the latter in that of action: but, in truth they cannot be so distinguished. There is no greatness in active life without originality; there is no success in study without decision. The cultivation of every science, and the practice of every art are, in fact, a species of action, and require ardent zeal, and unshaken courage, and inflexible perseverance, as much, at least, as the pursuits of interest or ambition. Originality can hardly exist without vigour of character, since no man can invent or discover, without the power of resisting the temptations, and overcoming the obstacles which prevent intense and continued thought. The discoverer or inventor may, indeed, be most eminently wanting in decision in the general concerns of life, but he must possess it in those pursuits in which he is successful.

"21st.—In the evening, a party of seventeen. Captain P— was rather jovial. A controversy arose between him and Mrs—. The subject was not quite determined with scholastic precision, but in general it regarded the degree of admiration due to great bad men—the parallel of Buonaparte with Washington. I took the moral side.

"7th.—Court.—Dine at the government-house.—Receive in the forenoon one case of books. You recollect that the opening of a case of books was one of my half-yearly delights. Even that is abated by my having no one to sympathize with me.

\* In celebration of the completion of the fiftieth year of the king's reign.

† William Newnham, Esq., Chief Secretary to Government.

\* Ollyett Woodhouse, Esq., Advocate General.

"I have looked through the 'Mercure de France' from May to September of last year. I am delighted to see that a complete edition of Turgot has at length been published. The Mercure extracts his two noble letters to Louis XVI. on his appointment and dismissal, which singularly exalt both the monarch and the minister. There is also a translation, with remarks, by M. Biot, of Mr. Playfair's admirable review of La Place; and a very curious account of experiments made at Naples to discover the means by which jugglers have appeared to be incombustible. They seem to be completely discovered, and chiefly to consist, first, in gradually habituating the skin, the mouth, throat, and stomach to great degrees of heat; second, in rubbing the skin often and long with vitriolic acid; third, in rubbing the skin with hard soap, and in covering the tongue with a layer of hard soap, and over that with a layer of powdered sugar. By these means the professor at Naples is enabled to walk over burning coals, to take into his mouth boiling oil, and to wash his hands in melted lead. The miracles of several saints, the numerous escapes from the fiery ordeal, and the tricks now played by the Hindû jugglers are thus perfectly explained, and all these prodigies may be performed in a fortnight by an apothecary's apprentice.

"22nd.—Sunday.—Very much interrupted in my reflections on crim. con.

"The governor called to see my books, and afterwards sent me a set of London papers to the 9th of April, and the fifth number of the 'Quarterly,' which he received from Major Moor. These distracted me still further.

"I found a more tolerable report of Romilly's speech on the breach of privilege than what I had seen before. Though both his reasonings and his authority shake me, yet I still incline to think that I should have voted for the power of the House of Commons to commit, and against its exercise. There seems to have been usage enough on all legal principles to establish the right. It is an anomalous and most formidable power. But if a House of Commons were engaged in a contest with the crown, how could they trust the vindication of their dignity to the servants of the crown? In such a case these tribunitian powers might be necessary. They are now unpopular because they are used against the people, against whom they are evidently not necessary.

"The impolicy of the exercise of the right is more obvious. It is clear to me that Horne Tooke laid a trap for the House of Commons, baited with a baronet, and that the House have bit. By an imprisonment which can only be considered as taking lodgings on Tower-hill for two months, Sir F. Burdett becomes '*Roi des Halles*,' as long as that sort of monarchy usually lasts. England was shaken for seven years by the folly of a government which engaged in a personal contest with Wilks—a man of profligate character and desperate fortune, without even the talent of speaking in public; and this was in times comparatively quiet and safe.

"23rd.—Five months from our parting at Point de Galle!—Wakened ill, and very much indisposed to court, and delivered my judgment, with a most numerous audience, in the cases of — v. —, and — v. —.

"In the beginning I laid down my old principle, that paternal affection depended on the assurance of the father that the child was his, which could arise alone from conjugal fidelity; that filial affection, and every other domestic and kindred feeling sprung from the same source; that conjugal fidelity was therefore the source of all the social affections, that families were the schools of benevolence, and conjugal fidelity was the cement which held together families.

"I endeavoured to show that our damages in crim. con. were not really sordid; that the jury were in reality engaged in an inquiry into the moral conduct of the husband, the wife, and the adulterer; that their verdict was a censorian judgment on the conduct, and that the greater or less sum of damages was only the language in which they declared that greater or less approbation or blame belonged to the various parties.

"I observed that this mode of proceeding was peculiar to England, because juries are peculiar to it, and because no other tribunal could have that weight of popular sentiment with it, necessary to make such censorian judgments effectual. After observing that as I spoke in words what juries could speak only in money, I might, therefore, give less damages than they usually did, without underrating the offence, or reflecting on the husband; I gave judgment with 10,000 rupees damages in both cases.\* The judgment seemed to give general satisfaction.

\* It will be recollected that there are no juries in civil cases in India.

"August 1st.—In the sixth volume of Laharpe is quoted a singular scene from a tragedy called 'Barnevelt,' founded on the fate of the Dutch patriot of that name. Young Barnevelt offers his father, in prison, a dagger, as the means of a more honourable death than the scaffold.

"The son says, 'Caton se l'a donna.' The father,—'Socrate l'attendit.'

"It seems to be a very happy instance of retorting historical examples.

"A Carthusian monastery in Italy was shown by one of the monks to a traveller, who admired the situation. 'What a fine residence,' said the traveller. 'Transeuntibus' (for passengers,) replied the Monk. From my present seat, when I look at the beautiful prospect from this noble apartment, I think what a fine residence for—passengers.'

"The result of a revolution, intended to make France a republic, has been to annihilate all the republics in Europe. So much for human foresight!

"12th, Sunday.—After my ride this morning, I read two *Éloges* of Quesnay, the founder of the Economists, which I had for years wished to find. I did not discover till yesterday that they were in one of my own books, '*Les Ephemerides Economiques pour l'Année, 1755*.' The first, by the Marquis de Mirabeau (the father of the revolutionary chief), is a worthless declamation; the second, by a certain Comte d'Albon, has little merit as a composition, but contains some details of the life and writings of this extraordinary man.

"At eleven years of age he had not learned to read. He used to walk to Paris, a distance of thirty miles, to purchase books, though he was obliged to walk back in the same day. His mother, though in a humble station, was a woman of superior mind. '*Les races se féminisent*,' says Buffon. All great men have had able mothers.

"Notwithstanding his philosophy and his virtue, he was a great favourite of Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour. He used this influence in a manner perfectly disinterested; he was the King's first physician. Louis called him his *thinker*, made him a nobleman, and gave him an armorial bearing, devised by his own royal head, in which were three flowers of pansy (*pensée*). The pun cannot, of course, be translated.

"The '*Tableau Économique*' was printed in the palace of Versailles. Quesnay made the King print with his own hands the following words:—'*Pauvres paysans, pauvre royaume—pauvre royaume, pauvre souverain*.'

"The maxim was worthy of being taught by Fénelon to Marcus Aurelius; but it was thrown away on Louis XV.

"27th.—Rode out by the lodges, and found Captain Cowper and Shotton at breakfast. Soon after, received the fifteenth number of Malcolm's '*Journal*,' down to the 22d of July.

"28th.—Annexed to Malcolm's *Journal* is an extract from that of Jukes, containing the best account that he could procure of the King of Persia's manner of passing his day. He rises at day-break, as all Mahometans do, for the matins; his prayers are said in the seraglio; after them three or four of his female valets wash, comb, perfume, and dress him. He then holds a levee for the ladies of the seraglio, who are about four hundred, with each a large female establishment. As much state is observed here as at the public levees; he is seated on a throne, and two of his wives are allowed to sit on chairs, one of whom has this honour from her high birth; the other, from being the mother of Abbas Meerza, the heir apparent. The two principal female officers of state are, the 'Lady of Requests,' and the 'Superintendent of Punishments;' the former presents to his Majesty, first the band of virgins, dressed in white and covered with jewels, and then the Georgian slaves and mistresses of every colour and rank. The female levee is then broke up, and his Majesty leaves the seraglio at eight o'clock; he then goes to a private hall, where he receives the princes and favourite courtiers, called '*Companions*.' At ten he breakfasts in great state. The '*naugir*,' or steward, sees everything prepared in the kitchen, and is responsible for its goodness and safety; he sees the dishes put into a large covered tray, which he locks and seals; he breaks the seal in the King's presence, and places the dishes before him: the '*hakim bashu*,' or chief physician, must also be present. A council is then held, at which all the ministers attend; after this, a public levee and parade of the troops, which terminate about noon. Soon after, he retires to the seraglio, amuses himself by exhibitions of female singers and dancers, &c. &c., and sleeps for three hours in the afternoon. About an hour before sunset he comes out, and holds a second levee, less formal and numerous, attended chiefly by the princes, ministers, and favourite courtiers. He sometimes rides out in the evening, and dines between eight and nine, with the same cere-



mony of trays brought under lock and seal as in the morning. About eleven o'clock he retires.

"The death of the King's chief favourite, a Shiraz dancing-girl, named 'Tootee,' (the Parrot,) has considerably affected him. He often goes on a pilgrimage to her tomb, near Tehraun.

"29th.—Rulhière (*'Histoire de l'Anarchie de la Pologne'*) is an unfinished narrative of the conspiracy of the Russians to enslave Poland, and the struggles of the Poles to avert and throw off the Russian yoke, which terminated in the apparently perpetual annihilation of a state at this moment, perhaps, about to be, at least nominally, revived.

"The empress Elizabeth, of Russia, during the war with Sweden, commanded the Hetman, or chief of the Cossacks, to come to court on his way to the army in Finland. 'If the Emperor, your father,' said the Hetman, 'had taken my advice, your majesty would not now have been annoyed by the Swedes.' 'What was your advice?' answered the Empress. 'To put the nobility to death, and transplant the people into Russia,' calmly replied the Cossack. 'But that,' the Empress observed, 'would be rather barbarous.' 'I do not see that,' said he, 'they are all dead now, and they would only have been dead if my advice had been taken.' This is a sort of Cossack philosophy. It has a barbarous originality which strikes me.

"September 5th.—My life is a blank; but my understanding generally makes some attempts every day.

Whatever can interest only in a particular place is frivolous; whatever can interest only those who have pursued a particular course of study, is pedantic. Those topics of conversation only, which are capable of interesting all tolerably informed men, are dignified and elegant. They are those on which the men of all places and professions may converse with each other.

"21st.—Rode in the morning by the lodges with Mr. Canning.—After breakfast, received a box with Paris papers and Literary journals from Stuart,\* and a review, called the 'Christian Observer.' It is in support of the more mitigated methodism, and written with elegance and ingenuity.

"It is impossible, I think, to look into the interior of any religious sect, without thinking better of it. I ought, indeed, to confine myself to those of Christian Europe; but, with that limitation, it seems to me that the remark is true;—whether I look at the Jansenists of Port Royal, or the Quakers in Clarkson, or the Methodists in these journals. All these sects, which appear dangerous or ridiculous at a distance, assume a much more amiable character on nearer inspection. They all inculcate pure virtue, and practise mutual kindness; and they exert great force of reason in rescuing their doctrines from the absurd or pernicious consequences which naturally flow from them. Much of this arises from the general nature of religious principle; much, also, from the genius of the gospel,—morality, so meek and affectionate, that it can soften barbarians, and warm even sophists themselves. Something, doubtless, depends on the civilization of Europe; for the character of Christian sects in Asia is not so distinguished.

"25th.—Read the 'Magasin Encyclopédique' for 1809, and the beginning of 1810.—Much attracted by the account given of a new life of Fénelon, by Bausset, late bishop of Alais; I have put it into my list; you must read it. Fénelon is, you know, one of my saints. The English calendar consists of Alfred, Sir T. More, Sir M. Hale, Sidney, Somers, Howard, and Clarkson. The French, of St. Louis, Henry IV., L'Hôpital, Vincent de Paul, Fénelon, Turgot, and Malesherbes.

"27th.—Vexed by headache.

"—Read, in the supplement to the 'Moniteur' of the 1st of March, the new Criminal Code of France; a system likely to rule so many nations for a period which we cannot measure has a great and unfortunate degree of importance. An aching head is not favourable to the estimate of a code.

"The peculiarity is the great proportion occupied by state crimes. They fill about four-tenths of the whole. They are enumerated and particularized in almost every possible form; and yet, in order to comprehend the cases that may be unforeseen, vague generalities are added, which may be applied to the most innocent actions. This is particularly true of the description of political libel. The whole doctrine of treason and libel bears the marks of a country where the recollection of civil convulsions is fresh; and of a government, jealous of its own authority above all other objects. The small space

occupied by political offences, in its Criminal Code, is one of the criterions of a just government, and of a happy nation. Justice, however, requires me to add, that in all other respects this Code is not sanguinary. The only crimes (not political) punishable capitally, are coining; murder of an aggravated sort, such as parricide, infanticide (to which I object,) poisoning, assassination, and killing in the act of perpetrating any other crime; and theft committed in the night by two or more persons armed breaking into a dwelling-house and threatening to employ their arms. All the punishments of the serious offences are exemplary—none corrective. Hard labour is aggravated by a ball tied to the legs, or by the criminals being fastened two-and-two by chains,—a barbarous spectacle, which must either teach the people cruelty, or inspire them with indignation against the laws.

"Notwithstanding these objections, the ordinary Penal Code exhibits a sad and shameful contrast to that of England. While the English Parliament rejects Romilly's bill,\* Napoleon is evidently solicitous to make every reform in the administration and legislation that is compatible with his own authority. We maintain, for their own sakes, abuses by which no creature profits; he abolishes the inquisition, the feudal tenures, the personal slavery in Poland; he makes trials public, and limits, to a few cases, the punishment of death; he makes every sacrifice to the reason and humanity of the age, but that of his own despotic power.

"It is vain to expect that this contrast, strong even when we look at England, far stronger with respect to other nations, should not aid the progress of his arms. It will be a motive for the defection of some, it will be a pretext for that of more, especially among the more enlightened. And there are, perhaps, few of that description whose zeal against him will not, in spite of themselves, be in some measure repressed. I say so with the more freedom because it has no such effect upon me. The effect of national independence and political liberty upon the minds of men is so incalculably great, that no abuses or reforms of detail can be balanced against it. The feeling of national and personal honour belonging to the free citizen of an independent state, and in some, though a far less degree, to every member of an independent community, is of more value than all the particular provisions of the most wise and just laws. Without this feeling no reform is secure; with it, the greatest abuses are either abrogated or neutralized by the national spirit. But these sentiments, which are not very generally prevalent, do not extenuate the mischievous folly of clinging to every abuse which Napoleon reforms.

"10th.—The weather has, for the last four days, been more sultry and suffocating than any one here remembers it to have been before. For the first time it has unnerved me. I am exhausted by looking over the depositions previous to the sessions. There are thirteen indictments!

"12th.—The account of the first day of sessions, in the 'Courier,' will give you the history of my morning, except the excessive heat and oppression.

"13th.—The sultriest day of my Indian life. Headache, the effect of yesterday's labour. Thermometer 92°, without a breath of air till two o'clock; in Mr. Canning's room below it was several degrees lower.

"16th.—The 'Eclipse' sloop of war is arrived at Madras. She left England on the 16th of June, and brings no news of consequence, but the death of Windham.

"He was a man of very high order, spoiled by faults apparently small: he had acuteness, wit, variety of knowledge, and fertility of illustration, in a degree probably superior to any man now alive. He had not the least approach to meanness.—On the contrary, he was distinguished by honour and loftiness of sentiment. But he was an indiscreet debator, who sacrificed his interest as a statesman to his momentary feelings as an orator. For the sake of a new subtlety or a forcible phrase, he was content to utter what loaded him with permanent unpopularity: his logical propensity led him always to extreme consequences; and he expressed his opinions so strongly, that they seemed to furnish the most striking examples of political inconsistency; though, if prudence had limited his logic and mitigated his expressions, they would have been acknowledged to be no more than those views of different sides of an object, which, in the changes of politics, must present themselves to the mind of a statesman. Singular as it

\* His much-respected relative, Daniel Stuart, Esq., whose own lively reports, and sagacious views of what was doing in the world of politics at home, proved a periodical treat, always anxiously looked forward to at Parala.

\* To repeal 10th and 11th Will. III., 12th Anne, and 24th Geo. II., under which the crimes of stealing privately in a shop goods of the value of 5s., or in a dwelling-house, or on board a vessel in a navigable river, property of the value of 40s., were capital felonies. It may be remarked, that, on such a question only, sixty-eight members divided.

may sound, he often opposed novelties from a love of paradox. These novelties had long been almost established opinions among men of speculation; and this sort of establishment had roused his mind to resist them, before they were proposed to be reduced to practice. The mitigation of penal law had, for example, been the system of every philosopher in Europe for the last half century, but Paley. The principles generally received by enlightened men on that subject had long almost disgusted him as common places, and he was opposing the established creed of minds of his own class when he appeared to be supporting the established code of law. But he was a scholar, a man of genius, and a gentleman of high spirit and dignified manners.

"Hearing that Rickards' father was a clergyman in Glamorganshire, I looked for it in my map of South Wales, in 'Camden's Britannia.' My eye rambled to Pembrokeshire, and I found that it was a country where my heart lingered.

"If the 'Eclipse' had been a month later, she might have brought news of the arrival of the 'Cumbrian.'

"18th.—The newspapers ascribe Windham's death to his obstinate determination that a tumour should be extirpated, which had been occasioned by his exertions to save Mr. North's library. He seems to have borne the operation with uncommon fortitude. It was characteristic that a zeal to preserve books should have given rise to the evil—that it should have been aggravated by a resolution rather perverse and capricious—and endured with so much magnanimity.

"His resistance of the abolition of the slave trade is another example of his opposing novelty from a love of paradox. It would otherwise be a shocking inconsistency with his character, as it must be owned that it is a serious stain upon his conduct. By his death we are left with only one, or, at most, two, of those who were distinguished orators in the great age of English eloquence.

"19th.—That most sensible blackguard, Swift, has a passage which I cannot help copying:—

"There is no talent so useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the power of fortune, than that quality generally possessed by the dullest sort of men, and in common speech called 'discretion,' a species of lower prudence, by the assistance of which, people of the meanest intellects pass through the world in great tranquillity, neither giving nor taking offence."—(Vol. V. p. 3.) 'For want of a reasonable infusion of this aldermanly discretion,' as he soon after says, 'everything fails.' Had Windham possessed discretion in debate, or Sheridan in conduct, they might have ruled their age.

"12th, seven A. M.—This is the only hour of the day likely to be my own, and I employ it in setting down this proof, that there is no hour in which I do not think of you. The extraordinary sessions open to-day.\*

"—Despatch Funloo with tents and baggage to Panwell."

This was a preparation for an excursion to the northern country of the Deccan, the south of which he had explored the preceding year, including a visit, both going and returning, to the hospitable residency at Poonah. His companions on this occasion were the Rev. Mr. Canning and Andrew Jukes, Esq. M. D. who had just returned in company with Sir John Malcolm, to whose mission he had been attached.

"The country which we have left may well be called the land of wonders. Aurungabad, Dowlatabad, and Ellora, form an assemblage which I suppose few spots in the world can parallel. They bear, however, the general character of eastern art; the object is to display power; there is nothing reasonable, useful, or beautiful; all is fantastic, massy, and monstrous. The first object of art seems to have been to overwhelm the mind, rather than to delight it, and to excite wonder, not admiration.

"Their superstition seems to have thought human beauty too mean an ornament for a god. Human beauty requires the human form; but the eastern religion and art, unable to show superior strength by Herculean muscles, resorted to the rude expedient of indicating it by gigantic size, or by many hands: and the sculptor who could not represent divine intelligence in a face, attempted to express it by four heads. There are traces of these notions in the Grecian mythology

\* These were appointed for the trial, which terminated in the conviction, of a person, high in the employment of the government, of the offence of having received a bribe to obstruct the course of the administration of justice, in the case of the attempted assassination of Mr. Osborne. The incident is only referred to as one of the instances in which a delicate, and evidently a very anxious, responsibility was entailed upon him, in the absence of all means of consultation with other judicial opinions.

sufficient to show its descent; but, at last, after Art had been toiling in India, in Persia, and in Egypt, to produce monsters, beauty and grace were discovered in Greece.

"It is probable that the quantity of labour employed in England on docks, canals, and other useful works during the last fifty years, is greater than that employed on all the boasted works of Asia, from the wall of China to the Pyramids. To pierce a country in all directions with canals, is, in truth, a greater work than any of them. But our public works being dispersed, unornamented, and for purposes of obvious use, want the qualities that impose on the vulgar imagination.

"The Aurungabad Gazette has informed all its readers, that 'General Mackintosh, and all the officers of his suite, had entered that city at the 12th,' and has regularly stated all the 'General's subsequent movements.'"

## CHAPTER XI.

Literary Notices—Scott—Swift—Sketch of Pamphleteers—Burke—Pope—Reviews—Novels—Criminal Trials—Address of the Grand Jury—Capital Execution—Death of Governor Duncan—Theory of Religious Sentiments—Notice of Nelson—Character of Curran's Eloquence—Preparations for Departure.

"January 5th, Tarala.—Russell arrived from Poonah.

"8th.—We are to dine at Colonel Hay's, who says 'that he lately dreamt of your arrival at Bombay,' which, being interpreted, I trust, means my departure from it.

"9th.—I have commenced Serassi's 'Vita di Tasso,' and I was surprised to find, that from the Italian family of Tasso are descended the German princes of Tours and Taxis, hereditary postmasters of the empire. A Tasso, it seems, first invented or revived the post; and it is mentioned as a wonder, that they were able to establish a monthly post between Rome and Madrid.

"A passage yacht, wrought against wind and tide by a steam-engine, of the power of twenty horses, goes now from New York to Albany, and performs one hundred and sixty miles in thirty-two hours.\* This is going at the rate of five miles an hour, and would insure a passage from Portsmouth to Bombay in about one hundred days; in which case I should have this day received letters from my dearest C——, of the 1st of October! Why were we not born a century later!

"18th.—Went with C—— in the morning for Lady Ouseley, whom we conducted to the races. At ten we returned to a public breakfast in the library, where about fifty 'knights and ladies fair' were arranged in long order, from the western to the eastern door. Never again shall I be lord of such spacious halls or ample boards.

"Afterwards we were in court for three hours.

"To-morrow morning, at five, I am going with Sir Gore to the caves of Kennerly.

"19th.—Last night, at ten, when I returned to go to bed, I found a large parcel of letters, just discovered in the 'Lion.' Among them was the packet which you sent to Morier, &c. I read your full journals, &c., with unspeakable delight. I partook of your dinner at Margate; and I should have been glad to have heard more of F—— and E——'s wonder at the tongs and poker.†

"20th, Sunday.—Finished 'The Lady of the Lake.' Walter Scott is 'a bard of martial lay.' The disposition to celebrate the chivalrous manners and martial virtues of the middle age arose principally from the love of contrast, in the refined and pacific period which preceded the French Revolution. Dr. Percy and Tom Warton began it; it was brightened by a ray from the genius of Gray; it has flourished in the seventeen years' war which has followed; you read it in the songs of Burns; it breathes through Hohenlinden and Lochiel. Walter Scott is a poet created by it.

"If the rank of poets were to be settled by particular passages, I should place Campbell above Scott; I should predict, with more confidence, that 'Lochiel,' the 'Exile of Erin,' and the 'Mariners' Song' would endure than I could venture to do about any other verses since Cowper and Burns—I had almost said, since Gray and Goldsmith. I am sorry to hear that he is engaged on an epic poem;—his genius is lyrical.

\* This distance is now gone over in ten hours.—Ed. Lib.

† It need hardly be observed that the children saw none in India.